

THE

WAR

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



CRY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 32

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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"THE ROMANCE OF A SUBMERGED CITY."

(See page 2.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SUBMERGED CITY.

The Sunken Port Royal, Under the Waves Over 200 Years—An Awful Day of Judgment on the Island of Jamaica.

(To our frontispiece.)

IN the beautiful harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, a few fathoms beneath the keels of the ships, sleeps the sunken city of Port Royal. A red buoy swings and rocks in the moonlight. It marks the spot where the old city's cathedral was submerged, and where the spire still reaches nearly up to the surface. How little is known of the mysterious city beneath the waves of Kingston harbor. The traveler who visits the capital of Jamaica should pray for clear weather, without wind. When the water of the harbor is ruffled by breezes the sudden city is obscured from view. But on a cloudless, still day, when the surface of the sea is perfectly smooth, the ruins of the phantom city may be plainly seen in the depths of the transparent water.

As One Sees Things.

The spire of the old cathedral is the most prominent object in the clear water. You can see the fishes lazily swimming in and out among the ruined turrets, more suggestive of oaks and larches than of the many inhabitants of the sea. Occasionally lubbers can be had of the ruins of other buildings—buildings which for more than two centuries have kept their ghastly secrets, and will keep them until the end of time.

Down there in that peaceful depth, lie the bones of three thousand men, women, and children carried down into the sea with their homes on that awful June day in 1692. An earthquake, suddenly, and without warning, smote the prodigate city of Port Royal, which slid into the sea. The waters opened and swallowed it up, and there beneath the silent waves was hidden the wickedness and debauchery of a community described by historians as being almost without parallel.

The survivors said it was the vengeance of God, and likened it to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. And in very truth the history of the city seems to show the unceasing wrath of Divine power. From the richest city of its time, it has dwindled into insignificance, until now it is a most wretched place, used only as a naval station. Disaster after disaster has overtaken it. After the earthquake the town was re-built, only to be completely destroyed by fire in 1708. On August 22nd, 1722, it was swept into the sea by a hurricane. It was once more reconstructed, but again in 1835 it was reduced to ashes, and as recently as 1880 it was visited by another hurricane. Every disaster was attended by great loss of life.

City of Port Royal.

The city of Port Royal was originally built upon a narrow strip of land extending out into the sea, which accounts for its strange disappearance at the time of the earthquake. Like the house of the foolish man of Biblical lore, which was built upon the sand, it literally slid into the water when the earthquake shock came.

Previous to that fateful seventh day of June, 1692, Port Royal had been known as "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot in the world." It was then a British colony, but there was little either in its government or in its customs of British morality. We are told that it was a place of luxurious debauchery; that in their excesses the colonists rivalled the luxuries of ancient Rome. Bucchannan and piracy were recognized industries. The treasures of Spain were legitimate prey. The riches of Mexico and Peru were levied upon, and the people of Jamaica were literally rolling in wealth and splendor. Vice and debauchery held sway. Bacchanalian revels which might put to shame the dwellers in the Orient were of nightly occurrence. There was absolutely no virtue.

And like the crack of doom came the earthquake. The thunder of the elements sounded in the ears of the heedless revellers.

The Earth Opened.

The earth opened in great fissures and closed again like the jaws of a



The Man with the Light.

A TRANSCRIPTION OF, AND ANSWER TO, "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

BOwed by the sins of centuries, He hangs Upon the Cross, and saves a ruined world. The agony of death upon His face, And on His heart the burden of the race. Placed there by human hands, and love supreme, Human; divine; link between earth and heaven; Behold the Man! Redeemer to the shape! A Man of Sorrows. One Who knows to hope. Kingly yet humble; Brother to the man, Who fashioned and sent down this glorious frame? Whose was the hand that formed this noble brow? Whose breath made luminous this wondrous brain?

This is the ONE the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land; To build the stars and give the heavens their power, To feel the passion of eternity.

This is the dream He dreamed Who built the suns And pillared the blue firmament with light Up all the heights of heaven to its great throne There is no life more beautiful than this, More filled with hope and mercy for the soul, More fraught with power to save the universe, No gulf between Him and "the least of these." Son of the God of Heaven, He can feel Plato profound, and swing of Pleiades, Span the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose Speak to all His and Him His Father's hand.

To this bowed form the suffering ages look; Time's tragedy an anguished Calvary shook. Through this God-Man humanity, redeemed, Restored, regenerate, returned to God, Cries mercy to the Judge of all the World, A mercy that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Send forth the living messengers of God, That ready stand, with Bibles under arm, To save that monstrous thing your work hath wrought, Christ ever waits to straighten up that shape, Give back the upward-looking and the light, Rebuild in it the music and the dream, Touch it again with immortality, Make right the immemorial infamies, Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes. O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Send, lest the future reckon with that man, Answer, O Christ, his question with Thyself. Change it, we pray Thee, to a song of praise, Lest whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world, Lest it go hard with kingdoms and with kings, With those who shaped him to the thing he is, If that dumb terror should reply to God After the silence of the centuries.

D. H. S.

mighty trap. And in closing it gripped many of its victims in the middle, leaving their hands above ground. Then came the awful shilling, grinding noise as the city, built upon its foundation of sand, sank into the caressing embrace of the sea, which for ever closed upon its wickedness, and will for ever keep its dread secrets. The shock came close on to mid-day. The air was hot and sultry. The sky was without a cloud. A great stillness seemed to hover over the city, and then, without warning, the earth trembled. Men and women left their houses and ran into the streets, only to meet death in the bowels of the earth in the hidden recesses of that sea. In his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1828, the Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors, a rector, two or three days after the disaster, which is, in part, as follows:

One of the Survivors.

"After I had been at church reading, which I did every day since I was rector of the place, to keep up some show of religion, and was gone to a place hard by the church where the merchants meet, and where the President of the Council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend. I stayed with him, upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Roden's, whither I was invited, whose house upon the first concussion sank into the earth, and then into the sea, with his wife and family, and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there, I had been lost. But to return to the President and his pipe of tobacco; before that was out I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said unto him, 'Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, being a very grave man, 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'"

Despite the President's assurance, he disappeared and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector writes:

"I made towards Morgan's Forte, because I thought to be there secured from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying-ground was destroyed, and the sea washed away the carcasses. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down."

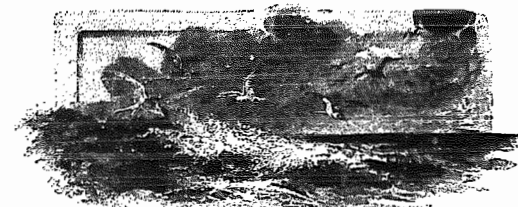
History Repeats Itself.

The incident described above is by no means so isolated a case as a superficial observer would imagine. Earthquakes, floods, storms, cyclones, eruptions, plagues and wars have, from time immemorial, stricken individual cities, nations and nations when least expected. God will not move and the long-suffering of man, but not unlimited. When the resources of His grace have exhausted themselves in invitations, then justice strikes the blow. The sins of man will devour him, if not forgiven. Sin against sin will be punished by disease; the sins of a city will rebound upon it in fearful retribution, and nation after nation, which rose through righteousness, justice, and mercy, to power and influence, have been dashed to pieces on the rocks of pride, presumption and indulgence. God laughs at the enmity of a defiant people, and His decrees cannot be evaded.

Let us earnestly live such consistent lives of rectitude and faith that the community in which we live may be seasoned by our lives even as salt seasons and preserves.

You do not sweeten your mouth by saying virtue. You do not grow virtuous by talking of virtue.—Ivan Pavin.

Unsuccessful seeker after holiness, look within for the hindrances. It may be that small idol—so small as to almost need a microscope to see it—that idol—once which was against your highest spirituality; that doubtful gratification; that slight omission of which conscience once spoke clearly, but now with lessening emphasis. Appear before God with perfect willingness to do His will, and faith will spring up spontaneously in your heart.





SEARCHING AS FOR HID TREASURE.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

My son, if thou wilt receive My words,
And hide My commandments with thee;
So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom,
And apply thine heart to understanding;
Yea, if thou criest after knowledge,
And liftest up thy voice for understanding;
If thou seekest her as for hid treasures;
THEN SHALT THOU UNDERSTAND the fear of the Lord,
And find the knowledge of God.
For the Lord giveth wisdom:

Out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.
He keepeth the path of judgment.
And preserveth the way of His saints.
Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity;
YEA, EVERY GOOD PATH.
When wisdom entereth into thine heart,
And knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul,
Discretion shall preserve thee,
To deliver thee from the way of the evil man . . .
To deliver thee from the strange woman . . .
That thou mayest walk in the ways of good men,
And keep the paths of the righteous.
For the upright shall dwell in the land . . .
But the wicked shall be cut off from the earth.

—Solomon's Proverbs, chap. ii.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER IV.

HABITS AND GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSULS.

At the end of the Kingdom of Rome the government of the city was, as has been stated, in the hands of two executives, chosen yearly by the people and called Consuls. They were a council of Patricians (nobles), chosen by the Patricians from among their number, and also including all who had been Consuls.

The Plebeians (common people) succeeded, in time, not to be shut out. The richest of them formed a body, called the Knights, who had horses like the Patricians. Under Servius Tullius also the city was divided into six tribes, in charge of a tribune, to watch over it and bring up his men to war. Further, every five years the people were numbered and divided into centuries (hundreds), each of which chose a person, who voted in

questions of peace and war. Nevertheless, the Patricians had always the greatest majority in these meetings (comitia).

The Consuls were always attended by two lictors, who carried bundles of rods tied around an axe—the first to scourge offenders, the latter to behead criminals. Two judges tried offenders, two questors attended public buildings, and two censors numbered and registered the people.

The priests were also chosen from among the patricians. As a whole, the Romans were very religious and grave, according to their notions of religion and duty.

Only free-born Romans were allowed to wear a toga, which was a long white woollen garment, with purple edging. Boys wore a short tunic until the age of seventeen, when they became of age and received their toga, as well as an individual name.

As a rule the Romans were not rich. They had their own farms, which they cultivated with the aid of their sons and slaves. The Plebeians leased their land from the Patricians, also owned many shops in Rome.

Marriages were celebrated with a sacrifice, and by the giving of a ring. The bride was then led over the bridegroom's threshold, where a sheepskin was spread, to signify that she should spin the garments for her husband and family.

Each man was absolute master of his own house, and held the life and death of his adult sons in his hands.

The Romans were not only brave, but also perfectly obedient to their fathers, their officers, their magistrates, and their gods (as the priests interpreted to them) and hence came their greatness as a nation.

(To be continued.)

Bitter Words.

It is not only acts and deeds that retain their life and force and power: it is words also.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

Few things rankle and poison the springs of charity and good fellowship like bitter, harsh, unjust, provocative words. An adjective is sometimes the sufficient spark for the tinder. It seems sometimes as if the final virtue in public life will be the single virtue of a civil tongue. An admirable story is told of a peasant who came once to his old monks and asked to be taught one of the Psalms. The monk chose for him the Psalm which begins, "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." Having heard that verse the peasant rose up and went away, saying that before he went any further he would try and practice it. But the story concludes he never came back again, never hav-

ing succeeded in living up to the first verse. "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." It will be an excellent motto for statesmen, politicians, journalists, ministers of religion; nay, is there any class among us that has not reason to remember that after thoughtless, unkind, or unjust speech we look for healing, but behold dismay?—Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A.

Seeming Contradictions.

Human action does not always evide-
ence its purpose—much less does
God's. The man who is going to rear
a lofty edifice begins by digging into
the earth. Descent is the first essen-
tial of the firm and enduring ascent.
So God seems to us, in our shortness
of sight and lack of information, often
to move in a direction contrariwise
to His supposed purpose. He wants His
cause to go forward, and He forthwith
takes away its leading exponent. To
him who believes in the all-wisdom
and infinite beneficence of God, these
seemingly inexplicable dispensations
ought to be the best evidence that
there is distinct purpose in it. If the
explanation seemed sure and easy to
man, there might be some doubt ab-
out its being correct. Looking at the
infinite, the inexplicable is its own
sufficient explanation. It is the best
evidence of God's righteous purpose
for the creatures of His love.

EASTER ENGAGEMENTS.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin Visit Lippincott, Fenelon Falls and Lindsay.

NOTES BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

LIPPINCOTT.—Adj. Desbrisay had arranged a very nice song service, entitled, "Manger to Throne," interspersed with Bible readings, setting forth the life of Christ from His birth at Bethlehem to His ascension. Prof. Wiggins ably presided at the piano. Songs were rendered by Mrs. Gaskin, Staff-Capt. Creighton, and Bro. Patterson. Bible readings by Brigadier Gaskin, Adj. Desbrisay and others. The Brigadier wound up with a good straight salvation talk.

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FENELON FALLS.—Leaving Toronto early Saturday morning, we journeyed on to Lindsay. At Lindsay, Capt. Liston, smiling and happy, boarded the train and informed us that they had had nice meetings on Good Friday. Further down the line a good Baptist friend entered into conversation with us. Told us how much he admired the Army, and what good work had been done in his town. We reached Lindsay about noon, where we were met by Ensign Fox, who was booked for the weekend at Lindsay.

After dinner with Adj. Fox, we resumed our journey to Fenelon Falls. On the train was a Lindsay G. B. M. Agent, busy with her collecting. She rode to and from the merry rattle of the coals in the box. We concluded that she gathered a nice little sum towards helping the good Salvation war.

The Sisters, however, smilingly told us an abundant welcome to their pretty little town. The Saturday night's open-air meeting was real good. Thirty-two soldiers were on the march. Inside the hall, A good meeting resulted.

Knee-drill on Sunday morning was attended by 17, and it was a time of refreshing, as was the boldest meeting later on. And Mrs. Gaskin, and the other soldiers, and from the merry rattle of the coals in the box, we concluded that she gathered a nice little sum towards helping the good Salvation war.

The Brigadier visited the Juniors in the afternoon, and questioned the children on and instructed the same. Which was much enjoyed. Twenty-four soldiers were on the march. The inside meeting in the afternoon was really grand. Singing and testimony followed each other in rapid succession. There was a very happy time. The Spirit of God was with us, and a really splendid meeting was held.

The night open-air meeting was a real success. It had a splendid meeting outside Brooks' Hotel. The time was formed by 40 soldiers. This was splendid, considering there are only 10 soldiers in the town, and many of the soldiers have a long distance to come. The inside meeting at night was a time of great power. The people listened with great attention. The power of God came down on the meeting. Convulsions arose, people were thrown up, and Christ was lifted up. Tears were shed, and tears flowed. A splendid-don't-out prayer meeting was brought to a conclusion by the singing of the doxology. One precious soul sought and found salvation.

Fenelon Falls is doing well. Capt. and Lieut. Howett, the commanding officers, are loved and respected by all classes. The soldiers are a happy, happy crowd.

LINDSAY. Having arranged with that enemy of mankind, the Grippe, through three days, and feeling a little weary after the heavy meetings of Sunday, we made our way to our next appointment, Lindsay. Fox, the enterprising and energetic commanding officer, had well announced our meeting, tickets had been sold, a special address was to be given, so we made arrangements for filling the hall as full as possible. It was quite cheering to hear that Ensign Yerex' meetings on the Sunday were seasons of great blessing. Open-air and inside meetings were well attended. Eighteen at knee-drill, and good finances.

Monday night our meeting in the open-air on the main street was surrounded by a mixed crowd of men and women, who listened interestedly to the testimonies of the soldiers, and with almost the closest silence, while Mrs. Gaskin sang, "God is near thee."

The inside meeting was good. The inimitable Capt. Brant gave an address. Eva Gaskin soloed. Mrs. Gaskin sang and spoke, and the Brigadier gave an address on "Easter Lilies," to a splendid audience. The meeting was intensely spiritual. The spirit of conviction sat upon the people, and one soul came to the feet of Jesus. The same officer was considered by the Adjutant excellent.

On Tuesday we journeyed back to Toronto. In the car we overheard a young lady remarking on the Easter Cry, saying it was simply elegant.

WHAT THE Women's Social Department IS DOING.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

The Event of the Week.

Of the many interesting events of the past few days in the Women's Social Department, the opening of the Evangeline Home in Toronto is the most important. We have never, in the ten years of our children's work in the Queen City, had such a good accommodation in which to receive the numbers of destitute little ones who have come to us for shelter. They have been cared for, but with our increased facilities we shall be able to render home protection, love and training to a much larger number.

A heavy downpour deprived many citizens of the opportunity of being present, but all who faced the unpropitious sky, declared themselves delighted with the Home. Our unnumbered old friends were represented by Rev. Mr. Turk and Staff-Insp. Archibald, who spoke strong, helpful words, while Mr. Alderman Upphams, Rev. Mr. George, and Mr. Gilmore for the first time in Toronto publicly endorsed the Army Social work, and gave us the benefit and influence of their presence. We are grateful to all these gentlemen for the time spent from their busy duties, and the words spoken, which will bring blessing and inspiration in after days.

Vancouver's Municipal Recognition.

Again we have to record the recognition of the Rescue work by civic authorities. This time it is Vancouver, which comes to the front with a Municipal Grant towards the initial expense of the Home. This is all the more appreciated as it is the first time the Women's Social Department has received a municipal subsidy for prospective work. Citizens of all classes are rendering Adj. Jordan heartiest cooperation in her work, and the Home is now an established fact.

The Vancouver City Province says: "All those who are interested in the good work of the Rescue Home are invited to visit the new quarters at 1202 Hornby Street, where they will be cordially greeted by the Mayor, Mrs. Jordan. The house is a large one and Mrs. Jordan has not enough furniture at present to fill all the rooms, but waits patiently for the donations which she feels certain she will receive as people become interested. The house has been recently papered in bright colors, and is admirably located to receive all the sunshine that is thick out at Vancouver. Those who seek shelter within its walls cannot help but look upon the privilege of being an inmate of so bright a Home as an opportunity to be made the most of. This form of Rescue work is worthy of the most earnest encouragement."

Orilla and Barrie.

It was my pleasure to visit these two northern towns a few days ago. Orilla's meeting was a bright, semi-circular one in the barracks, which was well filled. Barrie's was a Social service in the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. McLeod presided. There was a very good attendance, much interest manifested, and a nice offering for the work.

(Evening Telegram.)

To Care for Little Tots.

NEW HOME FOR CHILDREN.

Official Opening of the "Evangeline Home" by the Salvation Army—What the Speakers Said of Rescue Work.

Last night was the formal opening of the Salvation Army's new Home for Children, which is to be known as the "Evangeline Home." It is situated at 58 Farley Ave., near Esther St., being the old barracks on that site, so improved as not to be recognized as the same structure. The Home is laid out on one floor, and consists of bed rooms, playroom, kitchen, reception room, and dining room. Everything speaks of simplicity, comfort and cleanliness. There are now only 17 children in the Home, but it is expected that it will soon be full, as there is accommodation for 40. The "Evangeline Home" is intended to fill a gap between the Infants' Home and the Boys' and Girls' Homes, and children are received principally between the ages of 2 and 5 years. The inmates consist mostly of the children of widows, widowers, deserted wives, and men undergoing penal servitude, and also a number of illegitimate children. For the care of some of the children the sum of \$1 per week is received. It is estimated that the cost per capita will come to \$50 per annum. The Home is in charge of Captain Crocker, who has under her four helpers.

The inauguration service took place in the spacious dining room, where about thirty interested citizens had gathered, and was presided over by Adj. Upphams, in the absence of Mayor Macdonald.

The First Speaker

was Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Superintendent of the Women's Social Work. She traced the steady progress of the Salvation Army Home from its inception, ten years ago, in the little house of St. Edward's street, where when 120 children had been cared for. "The children," she said, "are undergoing Christian influence here, and at their tender age they are easily led towards God. The Home now receives a vote of confidence from the Government, but next year we will appeal to the City Council, though at present we have no debts," she warned Adj. Upphams.

Adj. Page then read a congratulatory message from the Commissioner, Evangeline Booth.

Rev. Mr. George declared that the Salvation Army is in touch with the life of today. "There are some things in the Army that the Presbyterian church doesn't like, and there are some things in the Presbyterian church that the Army doesn't like, so I suppose we are quits. The Salvation Army makes a noise, but they have to make it, and they are the Army work in the Rescue branch is the nearest Christ work I can think of." He gave an account of four years' slumming in the city of Edinburgh, and told how the hands-on-the-heart feeling of the Salvation Army was surely felt. "I don't know what the city fathers do with their money," he concluded, "but they should give some of it to the Salvation Army."

Praise from the Warden.

Mr. Gilmore, warden of the Central Prison, was loud in his praises of the Army. The Salvation Army does a work in the city that no other church in the city does. He declared, in speaking of the boys who went through his hands at the prison, he said that the majority are there through hereditary weakness, or bad habits, or criminality, or through the principal cause, "I don't believe in reformatories for boys. It is propositions to think that a boy can be improved by closing him for a number of years with the boys like him. I am not condemning reformatories, but the system." It would be more profitable for the city, he thought, to devote even as much as \$150 per year per capita to rescuing children than to spend against and punish them later as criminals.

Most Rescue.

Staff-Inspector Archibald, of the Morality Department sympathizes strongly with the Salvation Army.

"Sometimes I am doubtful as to whether I should continue in my present official position, or identify myself altogether with the Army." Referring to the Army work, he said, "The home is the place to start. We must rescue the children, and the fault almost invariably lies with the parent."

He then gave an account of his dealings with criminals, "from the highest to the lowest classes." It is his conviction that it is almost impossible to find a convert among old criminals.

Rev. Mr. Turk believed that the salvation of children is the great solution of the social problem.

Adj. Truquart and Colonel Jacobs, Chief Secretary, spoke briefly on rescue work.



CAPT. SHERWIN AND LIEUT. GRAVETT
Orilla, Ont.



THE TALENTS.

Matt. XXV. 14-30.

The whole purport of this parable is to impress upon all a sense of their individual responsibility in the sight of God for their use or misuse of life and its possibilities.

The false doctrine which shuts all responsibility of the creature upon the Creator is always more or less prevalent. It is a convenient belief for the man who wants to quiet his conscience while he allows himself to be ruled by his own selfish desires and evil passions. When such a man finds himself in a tight place by reason of his sin, he blames his circumstances, his friends, his cares, his sorrows—in fact, he blames everything but the cause. When taken to task on account of his sins, he says, "I have done my best. I have even pleaded that they are as God made them, and charge their wickedness onto their Maker. The talents which God has given are stolen for loss of the possibilities, which might result from their proper use."

But all such unjust stewardship God will assuredly bring into account at the great and final day of reckoning, when, out of His infinite knowledge of our capacity, we shall be rewarded according to our work.

In the case of the unprofitable servant, we learn that it is positive sin to possess a talent and not use it. How often, when dealing with men in God's sight, have they returned the excuse, "Well, I don't do any harm." Someone has likened such cowardly reasoners to an apple tree which has received the gardener's care and attention, and in return does nothing. How absurd would it be for the apple tree to argue that it has done no hurt to the other trees in the orchard, if it persistently bears no fruit the only wonder can be, "Can it do more?" Of course this excuse is untrue in itself, for no man can live a life apart from the salvation of God, whose influence can fail to do some harm, but even if it were possible it would not purchase pardon before the scrutiny of the skies. Christ expects something more from mankind than a negative attitude. He will only recognize a positive position.

Alas for the talents wrapped up and laid away, which were bestowed for the world's blessing. This is the time to use them, to develop them, and devote them to the service of God and the world. To-morrow they may be required of us.



Staff-Capt. Stevens and Capt. Ashman Take up the Tale—Some Incidents from Kimberley, and Notes from Capt. Ashman's Diary,

It was a few hours only before the commencement of the Siege of Kimberley. Refugees were pouring into the town from all the adjoining districts, and for the moment the authorities were at their wits' end as to the disposal of this crowd of humanity. Presently, as the refugees were in mass, a local person with a superfluity of generosity, exclaimed: "All who belong to my church step forward." There was a feeble response.

"All Who Don't Belong to Any Church!"

"The world is my parish," said Wesley, and in the selfsame spirit Ensign Kiddie, the commanding officer of Kimberley, who had been an eye-witness to the above scene, forthwith acted.

"And, glory be to God, all who don't belong to any church at all, just step behind me!" shouted the Ensign to the hungry crowd. Close upon a thousand souls were at once in a twinkling, and without more ado he marched them off to the local barracks and provided for their support and accommodation until such time as the authorities were able to step in and relieve him of his burden.

This is only one of the many interesting incidents that Commissioner Kilbey has brought back with him from Kimberley. Yes, the Salvation Army, through some of its officers, has done nobly right through the siege, both above ground and under ground, and Ensign Kiddie at least has received the commendation of not a few representatives who are well qualified to judge of his services.

Some Providential Escapes.

Marvelous indeed have been the escapes of both officers and soldiers. Our No. 1 barracks was in the direct line of fire. Such a hundred rounds in weight fell in front and all around, but the only damage is the removal of about three sheets of corrugated iron on the roof of the building. The quarters adjoining also remained uninjured. Mrs. Ensign Kiddie was, on one occasion, engaged in the backyard with one of her children, when a shell passed just over her head and fell within a foot or two of where she was standing.

An Infant died, and Mrs. Capt. Cass was called upon to conduct the funeral. At the outset, it was difficult to obtain a coffin, but Mrs. Cass quickly solved this problem, as other South African officers had done before her. The remains were conveyed to the cemetery, and during the burial service a shell fell in the immediate vicinity, necessitating officers and attendants deserting the coffin, and running for their lives to a place of safety.

Stories of most providential escapes are told by scores of comrades. In every direction God's protecting arm seems to have surrounded our soldiers and there is just one single case of death or injury to record.

The Death of Capt. Van Der Westhuizen.

We lament the loss of a promising young officer in the person of Capt. Van der Westhuizen, who, at the outbreak of hostilities, was commandeered by the Boer forces. News has reached us that this comrade was killed at Modder River, on the 17th February, but no details are yet to hand. Van der Westhuizen has two sisters in the work here in South Africa, for whom the utmost sympathy is felt. Just previous to the war, Capt. Van der Westhuizen was in command of Seneek, O. F. S.

Cadet Ellen, who is a Boer prisoner at Simon's Town, has sent an interesting explanatory letter to his training mother, Staff-Capt. McEwan, from which it appears that he had no alternative but to fight, being commandeered. His wound is healing, and he is in a fair way to recovery. He

is well saved and happy, and eager for work. Meanwhile he has asked for a Bible, which has been duly forwarded to him, and as soon as possible he will be visited.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

The Other Side of the Tugela.

This is the first opportunity I have had to let you have a line since leaving Estcourt (writes Capt. Ashman). I think the last week has been the most trying of the whole campaign. I did not get to the brigade until Tuesday afternoon. On arriving at Chieveley, it began to rain, and I had eighteen miles to trudge, and what with the sack and the chair, I was properly tired and wet through before I had gone five miles.

It was all through long grass, and nearly all the way over one's ankles in water, and at times up to the knees. When it began to get dark I came across a wagon, and so got down under it. I did not get to sleep, I was too wet and cold.

Under Fire for Two Days and Nights.

Found our men on a hill called Monte Cristo, and got my first glimpse of Ladysmith in the distance; since then we have been fighting continuously, and have had a very rough time; for two days and nights we were under fire the whole time, having to keep under cover. The East Surreys, have, I am sorry to say, lost a number—five officers wounded, one killed, and about a hundred men. As far as I know, none of our lads have been killed. We had an armistice all day yesterday, so get in the wounded and bury the dead.

Our men have now been fighting for twelve days continuously, not having a wash the whole time.

Near Pieters, February 28th.—Just as we were preparing to lie down last night we had orders to move, but only went about two miles, and then another damp night in the open. This morning we have advanced fully five or six miles, and are awaiting orders to move again now. This morning I have seen Johnson, Smith, Leonard, and Green, of our lads. I hear Whiteley, of the Queen's, is sick in one of the hospitals.

Some Awful Sights.

Have been going through the Boer trenches, and have seen some awful sights—parts of a hand here, etc., etc. There were also two or three women buried within twenty yards of where I am writing this. Several women have been found dead in the trenches with handbills on. The most painful sight was a woman lying in the trenches dying, trying to the last to

look after her tiny baby. For several days it must have been impossible for those in the trenches to have been relieved. The dying and the dead were lying side by side.

The trenches were mostly from three to four feet wide and about six feet deep. Often the walls were made of the immense rocks found on the kopjes. During the day the men noticed a Boer sitting on the ground apparently cooking. On approaching, they found he was dead, sitting preparing a meal. It had been killed by Lydlite. There he sat, with one arm stretched towards the ashes of the late fire—dead.



BLOEMFONTEIN.

The Boers left hurriedly, leaving a lot of stuff, and some tents standing. Meaning to celebrate Matjuba Day, they had a large supply of stores down. One sergeant found twenty-nine jam tarts.

He Enters Ladysmith.

March 2nd.—Ladysmith is relieved at last, thank God! I am standing up to write this as it simply poured all last night, and we are all in a pretty state. I can tell you: drenched is not the word. I have seen Burns, Darwin, Howes, and all our lads here.

We do not go into Ladysmith until to-morrow, I believe, as they have no camping ground for us, and we will not get our tents for at least a week.

I will not try to describe what we have gone through the last three days, or the sights we have seen, but will wait till later. I have to stop every five minutes or so to walk up and down to get warm. It is nearly 5:30 a.m. now.

March 3rd.—To-day we entered Ladysmith—four months to a day since it was cut off. Ladysmith garrison lined the roads and received us with cheer after cheer. Oh, tired out, the women were obliged to sit down. Don't picture us going through spie-and-span, as the Guards at Windsor, because it was no such thing! The men were anything and everything: some were shoeless, others coatless, or nearly so. As I walked along by the regiment there were many exclamations of "Salvation Army!" "Fancy Salvation Army here!"—M. Ashmann, Capt.

I thank God I have done my duty.—Nelson.

A Letter from One of Our Leaguers now on the South African Battlefield.

South Africa,
Feb. 17th, 1900.

My Dearest Mother:—

You cannot tell how delighted I was to receive your loving and encouraging letter, nor how it cheered me. I was so down-hearted and cut up. It arrived just after our battle of Slingersfontein. This occurred Monday, 12th. The Boers attacked Ware Kopje at about 2:30 a.m., just as the moon

went down, in terribly large numbers. Our force was E. Company and C. Company. The enemy attacked E. Company first, sent kailars up in front of them with blankets and caecoes, so they say, and the Boers fired between their legs. Our men were not strong enough for them. They gained the summit of the hill where six of our men were posted. They killed four, severely wounding the other two. There were thousands of rounds fired. It was pitch dark. A. Company lay on the next hill, about fifty or one hundred yards further on. We kept up a terrible fire for hours, all day, from dawn till dark, about thirteen or fourteen hours. There were hundreds fired at by the sangar, the Boers saw me go in, and

The Bullets Whistled All Around Me.

I can tell you, dear mother, it was a near shave for me; but our God did not see fit that I should be hurt, praise Him for evermore! I can say, "I love Him best of all," and if He sees fit, His will be done. I believe He will take me home.

Our force was not strong enough. After our Company held them in check all day we returned to Slingersfontein. No rations or water could be got near us all day. The poor men were parched. After all that suffering they had an hour's rest. Then we had to march from there to Rensburg, a distance of about thirteen miles. Oh, how tired we were you could not imagine, dear mother.

I am so weary myself, and after getting all my master's things packed. I was just going to lie down, when we were ordered to fall in. You can guess how I was fairly done up. Oh, dear mother, it is a trying time! When the body gets tired

How the Old Man Can Tell.

and he tries you every way, so that you shall give in. It is hard sometimes, when tired out; it makes the spirit tired too; but, hallelujah! I know all this time He is near me to guide me through all temptation, and when I try to give in with my all to do as He wills. After walking a long way, He said a ride on a gun-carriage the rest, so you see how He helped me.

I will tell you more about this place. I will give a few details of the time from Rensburg to our home, and also of the time out here. We had a lovely voyage home, meetings almost every night. Bro. Sunshine is so sick, poor fellow, and saw Major Allen twice. I was so cold, frost and snow, it upset almost all the regiment. Two died of pneumonia at sea, two since we came here. They would not give us an hour's leave to go home. One of my sisters came to see me: the others could not, being ill.

I must close now, will write more to-morrow. It is late, and I have to get up at 4 a.m. We have not had our clothes off since we arrived at the front. Good-night. God bless you much. J. W.



MARCHING IN A SOUTH AFRICAN SAND-STORM.
(The use of a traction engine is also illustrated in this picture.)



Terse Topics.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE SIKES.

Patriotism is a remarkable thing. For its sake some of the most daring deeds which history records have been attempted, in its cause have incalculable sacrifices been expended, and for its interests men never hesitated to risk, to lose, if needs be to die. At the moment over Great Britain and her Colonies a tidal wave of patriotic feeling has passed. The clash of steel and shower of shot have re-awakened this sentiment slumbering in the breasts of most men, and the very children are decking themselves with patriotic badges and buttons, and waving their banners with deeper shouts of loyalty. In this, as in every other phase of feeling which comes over the life of the people, is there no significance for us who are the children of a Heavenly Kingdom and the sworn soldiers of the flag of the world's salvation? An abridged dictionary simply describes a patriot as a lover of his country, and we will take this explanation as sufficient—real love for any cause is a guarantee of sacrifice and service. We can but ask ourselves as we look on the enthusiasm which lights the faces of men as they speak of their country's honor, whether our zeal is as hot for the credit of our Heavenly Citizenship. Do we so love the Kingdom of God that we are as jealous for its interests as for our own, and reckon hardship, or tears, or self-denial, as less than nothing that its advance may be promoted by and in us? God help us not to lag behind in zealous devotion the exponents of an earthly cause.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb."—Rev. xii. 11.

Precious Blood! By this we conquer in the fiercest fight.
Sin and Satan over-coming
By its might.

—//—
MONDAY.—"I change not."—Mal. iii. 6.

All earthly love is as a thread of gold.
Most fair, but what the touch of
time may sever;
But His a cable sure, of strength un-
old—
Oh, His love lasteth ever!

—//—
TUESDAY.—"Above all, taking the shield of faith."—Eph. vi. 16.
Looking unto Jesus, never need we
yield!
Over all the armor, Faith, the battle-
shield!

—//—
WEDNESDAY.—"He knoweth."—Ps. cii. 14.

Yes, He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame.
Knows that hand and heart are
weary—
He, in all points, felt the same.

—//—
THURSDAY.—"Who teacheth like Him?"—Job xxxvi. 22.

This strange, and world is but our
Father's school;
All chance and chance His love shall
grandly over-ride.

—//—
FRIDAY.—"Ye shall be satisfied."—Joel ii. 26.

A little while thy course pursue,
Till grace to glory grow,
Then what I am and what I do.
Hereafter thou shalt know.

SATURDAY.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

Look on to this,
Through all perplexities of grief and
suffer
To this, thy true maturity of life,
Thy crowning bliss;
That such high gift thy holy dower
may be,
And for such service high, thy God
prepareth thee.

THE PRICE OF Looking Back.

III.

Bitterly she shut the window and turned to her husband. His slow, uncertain step was already upon the stairs, accompanied by the thick, broken utterance of a snatch of a music-hall song. Suddenly the singing ceased; a music-hall song, the end of one trying to find the next step, and then a scream of terror, as with a frightful lurch the drunken man fell backwards down the long flight. His head knocking against each stair till the last terrible one echoed in the hall. Then all was still. It happened in a few seconds. As soon as she heard Geoffrey miss his footing, Alice's door was flung open, and with feverish haste she ran out, only in time to kneel beside the prostrate heap in the hall. His position of doubled helplessness made her hasten to raise her husband's head and look in the set, glazed eyes. Then one long heart-rending woman's scream rang through the house, bringing the servants hurrying in terror to the spot. There was no longer any room for hope that a wife's influence might work a reformation, and the light of the woman's life seemed to go out as she saw the bitter end of her self-seeking. Alice's idol, the price of her peace, the object of her infatuated early love, the drunken husband of her later years, had gone to meet his God!

"Master Geoffrey and Master Phil, your mamma wants you!"

Two bright little lads in sailor suits looked up from their play in delight; time spent with their beautiful mother was always the brightest of the day. So their curls were tilted, and, hand-in-hand, they walked down the staircase to their mother's room. Geoffrey showed some disposition to slide down the banisters, but his brother checked him with a very loud "Hush!"

"Geoff, don't you remember that poor papa's dead, and mamma's been crying awful? I think it would hurt her for us to be romping on the stairs to-day. I was just at the foot here when papa fell. Geoff, wouldn't it be awful if you fell dead now?"

"Oh, but papa was what worse calls 'shaky on his legs'—that's why he fell. I'm quite safe. I suppose that when we get old, like poor papa, we shall get shaky too."

"Never, God helping me!" said a voice behind them. "I want you both to come in here," and Mrs. Leighton opened the door, the landing, putting her arms around her little sons as she did so. Somehow the room they entered seemed the stillest that had ever been in. On the long, white bed there lay something stiller yet, and immediately her boys shrank back. They had never seen death before.

"Don't be afraid, darlings," said their mother gently, "I want you to come and kiss papa. It is only his poor body, you know, that lies here—the papa who used to love and kiss you has gone away." Oh, the agony that welled up into Alice's heart as she thought she dare not surmise where he had gone to.

She had brought her little sons into the death-chamber for a purpose, and that to make an appeal to their con-

sciences in the presence of their father's wrecked remains. When her husband's life had been quenched so suddenly her sorrow had been intense, for all the old affection she had ever felt for him seemed to return in stronger and wiser force. But as she looked on the awful end of the man she might have influenced for good, had she but kept true to her vows, there came the thought, "What about the boys?" It looked like no inspiration to hope and effort in that dark hour. An evil whisper told her, at the same time, that it would be useless harrowing the boys' feelings, and that to try to save them from their father's curse was an impossibility, since they would have the same nature, and inherit the same taste. But, with a firmness of resolve that she had never had once during all those ten years of her married life, Alice thrust the temptation from her, saying, "I will have my utmost. My misdeeds marriage did not help me to save my husband. I failed in that—alas! that I was so blind. I must save my boys!"

As they stood in that quiet death-chamber, the mother told the awful truth to the children why she had brought them there.

"Geoffrey and Phil, listen to me! I'd died through drink. You did not know that, when you saw him come home stumbling, his step was unsteady because he had drunk so much brandy and spirits. Ever since I knew your father, boys, strong drink has been besetting sin, and it is that which has led to his death now. Drink has made your mother an unhappy woman; drink has made your father's shame a by-word among all who know him—it has brought all the sorrow into this house. Now, boys, I want you to promise me, that you will never drink, and that you will never let any curse that has ruined the life of your dead father shall never pass your lips."

"Mamma, I couldn't ever drink a drop after this," said little Phil, kneeling and looking into her awful face, down which the bitter drops of anguish were slowly falling.

"And Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey's eyes were fastened on the still, white face of his drink-cursed father.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed brokenly, "I'll swear to you, if you like, never to touch it—the cruel, cruel thing that took away papa!"

No, my little ones, do not want you to swear to me; you must make your promise to God. Trying to overcome and keep from evil in your own strength, and with all your good resolves, will not hold you from this curse; don't make the same mistake that I did. Yes, your mother might have helped your father to conquer this thing long ago, but she did not choose God's way of doing it, and His strength was all the more against her. Tears washed the foolish of the sentence away—the recollection of the despairing helplessness of the arm of flesh which she had chosen instead was more than she could bear.

"Mamma!" said little Phil, "if only God can help us not to live and die like poor papa—hadn't we better ask Him to now?"

The child's words came like the whisper of an Angel past better life, and, kneeling down, with each hand clasping a hand of her sons, she prayed the first whole-hearted prayer that she had breathed for ten years. When she had finished, the twins prayed, each in his own childish way, and with a clinging faith, as well as passionate promise, that brought one ray of hope to the mourner's heart.

But before they rose from their knees there was one more petition in burst from the broken-hearted mother's lips:

"O God, take me—Thy wandering child—take me back again!"

And in the presence of the awful dead, and the tear-dimmed, trembling children, God, in His unending mercy, heard and answered the

backslider's cry, and Alice Leighton went from that death-chamber conscious that her sin was under the blood.

But forgiveness is not restitution. Although the woman's sin was pardoned, the consequences of that sin were not removed. Alice's repentance came too late to recall the lost soul of the man whom she once might have saved—whether it has come too late to prevent little Geoffrey and Phil the future alone will reveal.—A. L. P.

What a Soldier Should Know.

The Army's Principles for the Evangelization of Native Races.

Salvation Army principles, pure and simple, with an extra pinch of adaptation thrown in, are your hope for the natives of the tropics.

Not, however, adaptation of the sort which merely consists of changing one's clothes and food, but adaptation that carries with it a whole-hearted recognition and observance of the Scripture truth that "God hath made of one blood all nations." The success of the Army in India, in Japan, and among other native races, is attributable to the genuine, unforced spirit of fraternization with the people manifested, and it is on the maintenance of this spirit, among both European and high-class Indian officers, in conjunction with the world-wide principles of the Army—more especially those of self-support and self-protection—of which we confidently rely for greater and greater victories, till the millions of India, and other benighted lands, are won for God.

Does the Army Believe in the Doctrine of "Final Perseverance of the Saints?"

No. We believe that it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be finally lost. The promises of blessing, the exhortations, the warnings of the Scriptures, all go to show that we must be "faithful unto death"; "Held fast that which thou hast," and "He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved." To say that every saint will be finally saved, were perseverance in holiness said to say that although he shall backslide ever so often he will be certainly restored in the end and taken to heaven—discredits the responsibility which God has unalterably fastened to the career of every man.

SAVING THE WORLD.

A Soldier's Song.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Time.—Stand like the brave.

A world of rebellion

Our Jesus deified;

His soldiers, they faltered;

For others He cried:

When God raised our General,

Who Blood and Fire waved,

And said he'd ne'er fail!

'Till all men were saved.

Chorus.

Saving the world,

Saving the world,

Saving the world

By the Blood and the Fire!

Heaven-born is our mission,

The wide world our field

We hold a commission

Our Saviour's Blood sealed.

How sacred our duty,

And solemn our call.

Our Army's our Captain,

We'll fight till we fall.

We care not though foes

May be crowding our track;

Earth, hell, and all devils

Shall ne'er keep us back.

King Jesus is leading,

We trust in His might;

So down with the wrong.

And up with the right!

If ready for battle,

With me take your stand;

If ready to suffer,

At Jesus' command.

If ready for conquest,

Dark millions to win

Then fix every bayonet,

And help me to slay—

Every moment you now lose is so much character and advantage lost, as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out, at prodigious interest.

GAZETTE.

MISS BOOTH IN THE KOOTENAI CAPITAL.

Nelson Turns Out En Masse to Hear the Commissioner—
Twelve Souls Captured—Excellent Finances.



April 24th, 1904.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Captain Saul Clark, who came out of Bonavista in 1895, last stationed at Channel, 98, promoted to Glory from Bonavista on March 18th, 1900.

APPOINTMENTS—

MAJOR McMILLAN, resting, to West Ontario Province, as Provincial Officer.

MAJOR COLLIER, Financial Secretary, to be Assistant General Secretary.

MAJOR TURNER, Chancellor of the C. O. P., to be Assistant Provincial Officer.

STAFF-CAPT. STANVON, General Secretary's Office, to be Chancellor for the C. O. P.

STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD to Territorial Headquarters for special work of Financial and Men's Social affairs, under the Territorial Secretary.

ADJT. FRAZER, Moncton District, to Halifax Corps and District.

ADJT. CREIGHTON, Windsor District, to Moncton Corps and District.

ADJT. McLEAN, Halifax District, to Windsor Corps and District.

ADJT. McAMARA, Charlottetown District, to St. John I. Corps and Garrison.

ADJT. KENDALL, Belleville District, to Kingston Corps and District.

ADJT. BARR, Fargo District, to Winnipeg Corps and District.

ENSGN TAYLOR, Valley City Corps, to Calgary Corps and District.

ENSGN BUNTON, Calgary District, to Fargo Corps and District.

ENSGN BALE, C. O. P. Provincial Headquarters, to Bracebridge Corps and District.

ENSGN GRAHAM, St. John I. Corps and Garrison, to Charlottetown Corps and P. E. I. District.

EVANGELINE G. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



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All communications to be sent by mail or by telegraph, and on only side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All manuscript, unless otherwise intended for publication, can be sent at the rate of 1000 CENT postage per two ounces, if enclosed in unsolicited envelope or open wrapper and marked "Postage is Paid."

Women's Social Work.

The excellent administration of the Women's and Children's Social Work by the Commissioner's Secretary for that branch, Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read, has found general acknowledgment in many circles, and deserves every recognition. The opening of the Evangeline Home for Children at Toronto (see report on page 12) marks another step in the steady advance in the department spoken of. May many of the boys and girls passing through the Home be the better fitted for the battle of life. Other distinct signs of progress may be gleaned from Mrs. Read's notes on page 4.

Nelson campaign has been a stupendous triumph. Large and enthusiastic crowd of citizens awaited my arrival at the wharf. Largest hall in the city packed for each meeting, and many turned away. Soldiers filled with love and fire, fought as whole-hearted, red-hot Salvationists always do. Exceptional demonstration of affection and confidence from all. Band did excellent service—rendered first-class music. Result: 12 souls and \$330 total collections. Major and Mrs. Hargrave are in the hearts of the people, and masters of the situation. Adjutant Smith, from Port Simpson, is here; brings excellent reports of the Army work among Indians. Expectations great for Rossland. Flag waves high. Yours from the front,

COMMISSIONER.

FIELD COMMISSIONER'S

APPOINTMENTS.

WESTERN TOUR.

In addition to the Meetings previously announced in the War Cry, MISS BOOTH has decided to visit:—

BRANDON, Opera House, Tuesday May 1,
"Miss Booth in Rags."

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Opera House, Wednesday, May 2, "Miss Booth in Rags."

The Chief at the Temple.

A DAY OF SPECIAL BLESSING.

The announcement read that the Chief Secretary would visit the Temple for a week-end, and on account of past visits being so successful his coming was heralded with great delight, for the Temple soldiers and friends love the Colonel.

The weather on Sunday morning was of rather a dull nature, but a nice crowd turned up for the open-air. The band was also present. The Colonel's address in the morning, on Daniel, was very interesting, and we shall not forget the lessons brought out.

The afternoon march to the open-air stand was the means of arousing much interest. A large crowd assembled at the open-air and listened very attentively and helped most liberally in the collection. The inside meeting was a real lively one. Staff-Capt. Creighton led the testimony meeting, and everybody went for a good time, and got it.

Staff-Capt. Munton sang, "My name is Mother's Prayer." This song is becoming quite a favorite with the Temple folks.

For the evening open-air we stood outside the Queen's Hotel. The interest down there seems to be increasing so far as our visits are concerned. If we are to judge by the crowd that attended the open-air and the way they gave in the collection.

The Colonel's address in the night meeting was grand. Staff-Capt. Creighton's address was the means of stirring up several. He related the story of how he was converted at the drum head in the open-air, while the rain was pouring down.

Staff-Capt. Archibald opened the prayer meeting. After some little time of prayer and faith, wrestling with God, one soul came forward—a brother who used to be a bright soldier and a landsman.

We will all be glad to see the Colonel come back again and spend a Sunday with us.

The Colonel was assisted all day by Staff-Capt. Archibald, Creighton, Munton, and Morris, as well as the corps officer, Adj. Cameron, and several others.

The finances for the day were very good. The band also turned out in full force and did good service.—Walter Peacock, R. C.

Personal Paragraphs.

THE GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY.

Some secular paper printed, unintentionally doubtless, the news that General Booth was presented with a purse of \$200,000 on his recently-celebrated 71st birthday. For the information of those who are not acquainted with Army intelligence, we wish to say that this sum represented the result of Great Britain's Self-denial Week, for the maintenance and advancement of the Army's work at home and abroad. Our beloved General does not accept purses for personal profit, nor draws even any salary from Army funds. More than that, the considerable sum netted from the sale of the General's books, which might well be claimed by him, has been devoted to the work to which he has given his life and energy so ungrudgingly. May He yet be spared to celebrate many birthdays in our midst.

THE COMMISSIONER'S TOUR.

Western audiences have been always known for their generous appreciation of Miss Booth's visits, but the "Westerners" have fairly outdone themselves on the occasion of the recent meetings the Commissioner has conducted at various centres, according to the glowing reports of Majors Hargrave and Southall, and the various local newspapers. The Commissioner has added two more places to be visited after Winnipeg.

GONE BEFORE.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Esigen Parsons, of Dartmouth, N. B., reached us a few days ago. She died on Friday, April 20th, 12.30 a.m. A detailed report is expected in time for our next edition. May the God of comfort be the consolation of Esigen Parsons and the bereaved friends.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The Boers are still besieging Wepener, and have a line of troops in touch with the main force north of Bloemfontein, running east of that place. The relief forces have been despatched from Aliwal North, under General Brabant and General Rundle, from Lord Roberts' main force at Bloemfontein. Small engagements have taken place at different points, but no decisive action has been reported.—The Chief of General Rundle's outposts of 53 men lost 35 in missing, only 18 men returning to camp.—A life-taking appears as closely invested as ever, although Lieut. Smithman, of Colonel Plumer's force, managed to pass the Boer lines and enter the besieged town with despatches, also to return with the same to Colonel Plumer.—Guns are being manufactured at Pretoria for the Boers.—Lord Roberts has severely criticised the battle of Solferino, ensuring Generals Buller, Warren, and Thorneycroft, all of which are expected to be relieved of their commands. A number of Dutch Cape Colonists, captured at Sunnyside, have been tried for treason and sentenced to terms of imprisonment from two to five years.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A Sergeant was shot in the present labor trouble at Croton dam works in New York.—The Welland Canal is to open on April 25th for navigation. Three individuals made an attempt to blow up two Canal locks, which would have delayed the opening of navigation and caused a disastrous flood, destroying many lives and much property.—Chief of Police Alex. Main, of Stevenson, R. C., went to recover some stolen property from a Chinese cabin, where he was murdered and his body buried near by.—Marie Brown, inmate of Brooklyn Bridge and escaped without injury.—Several bridges have been carried away in Quebec Province by the recent freshets.—An attempt was made to wreck a G. T. R. Express near Princeton, but failed.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, is visiting England.—The anti-British press of Cairo is agitating against the entrance of Christian missionaries into the Sudan.—The plague in India has been subdued.—Queen Victoria has been so pleased with her reception in Ireland that she has prolonged her visit by one week.—The bubonic plague is reported to have appeared at several ports of the Red Sea.—Earthquakes have been frequent in Bolivia.—The Duke of Argyll is dead. The Marquis of Lorne, his eldest son, succeeds him.

Unreserved praise is the severest censure; therefore sit down and consider when you are praised whether you deserve it or not; if not, depend upon it you are only laughed at and abused.

TRADE NOTICE . . .

Nearly all Goods have materially advanced in Price, and therefore we are compelled to stop sending Goods Express PREPAID. Kindly note that in future orders will be sent Express COLLECT, while POSTAGE to cover carriage should accompany all mail orders to be shipped by Mail.

MAJOR JNO. M. C. HORN,
TRADE SECRETARY.



Spokane's Greatest.

THE VISIT OF MISS BOOTH PROVES THE GREATEST ATTRACTION IN SPOKANE'S RELIGIOUS HISTORY---"MISS BOOTH IN RAGS."

NOTHING ever like it in Spokane's history, is the verdict of the people who attended the Commissioner's meetings, on Sunday and Monday, April 8th and 9th. Whether Sunday's meetings or "Rags" takes the palm is a matter of opinion, but judging from a Salvationist's standpoint, each meeting was one better than the other. That the Commissioner has eclipsed all previous efforts goes without saying. There were unprecedented crowds, who were not slow in showing their appreciation of the Commissioner's visit, and personal regard for herself. The Auditorium, well filled for an afternoon meeting, was declared to be a distinct triumph, but at night fully 500 people failed to find accommodation. One gentleman remarked next day that he got near the building, but saw so many people being turned away that he gave up and went home. Others bent on hearing a little, if possible, waited for some one who might, perchance, be unable to remain right through, but few—very few—left before the Commissioner had finished, and their places were immediately filled.

Quite a large number of ministers from different churches in the city, were present. The Rev. Mr. Giboney, who introduced the Commissioner, is one of our warmest friends.

Soul-saving under the circumstances was very difficult, and although we only netted one, we believe the impression made will amply repay for all the strength and energy spent by our beloved Commissioner. No one can, for a moment, but acknowledge she was inspired in her utterances by the Holy Ghost, and although much exhausted physically, the Commissioner went bravely through the series of meetings without a halt. At the P. O.'s quarters

People Have Called to Express Their Delight

at what they heard, and how much they enjoyed and enjoyed had received. In the office, on the cars, and streets, the meetings have been upon everybody's lips. Spokane's biggest triumph is a thing of the past, but its memory will live on. The following report from the Spokane Review shows how this campaign has been looked upon:

EVA BOOTH SPOKE.

SHE DELIVERED TWO STIRRING ADDRESSES YESTERDAY.

Auditorium was Crowded—The Salvation Army Commissioner Spoke There Afternoon and Evening.

[Spokesman Review, Spokane.]

Eva Booth is in Spokane. For the third time the "angel of the slums" has spoken to the people of this city, and on the occasion of her two sermons yesterday she was greeted by audiences that taxed the capacity of the Auditorium. In the afternoon she spoke for an hour on the subject, "The Song of the City." During every moment she had the attention of her immense audience, and at times the power of her speech and personality held the assemblage spellbound.

The Commissioner arrived in Spokane last night over the Northern Pacific Railroad. She is accompanied on her present tour by Major Sineaton, of her staff, Adj. Welch, Ensign Griffith, and two little orphan proteges, Pearl and Willie. They came to Spokane from Butte, Major Hargrave, of the Spokane District, had the entire company taken at once to his own home, where they will be entertained during their stay in the city.

Twice before has the tall and magnetic daughter of the Father of the Salvation Army appeared in Spokane, and on each of these occasions she has been met with a cordial reception. But last evening she spoke to the largest audience that, perhaps, ever attended a religious service held in this city.

Service was Characteristic.

The afternoon service was the most characteristic of a Booth devotional meeting. The people who attended were expecting the speaker to deliver a better lecture than she had before done while here, and they were not disappointed in that expectation. Though the woman was not in the best of health, her voice was strong and her delivery fascinating to her hearers. Rev. G. W. Giboney delivered a short speech of introduction, and Miss Booth was accorded an ovation when she advanced to the front of the stage.

The text from which the speaker drew inspiration was: "And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps, and no man could learn that song save they who were redeemed." She spoke rapidly, and with the strong English accent now well known to the people of this city. Her first theme was the beauty of the world, and the wonderful things that God has provided for the people of His earth. Attention was directed to the thousands of beauties of nature, and from the picture she drew of these she called upon her hearers to listen to the music and harmony of life.

The music of nations and the music of history was searched, and their results laid bare before her audience. In this the speaker paid devotion to the power of music, and gave several examples of that power being manifested in history. "The worldly music, that of the dance, the popular song, and the concert hall, was next shown to be evanescent in its character and effect, and the heavenly music, that of a contented soul, was pictured for her hearers, with praise. Peace, the speaker said, was the

thing to be desired in the effects of music, and the things for which men strive and struggle were shown as useless when acquired unless their possessor had in his possession also peace.

"Stock of ages," she said, was the true song of the city of God. All the books ever written could not, she said, equal that song in influence upon the human race. The close of her sermon, fraught with long, ponderous periods and reverberating sentences, was so effective that the people in the audience were called upon to exercise all their self-control to keep from applauding her.

Evening Address Applauded.

The evening meeting addressed by Commissioner Booth, attended by a crowd as large as the Auditorium had sheltered in a long time, was another triumph for the gentle woman whose life-work has been devoted to the cause of humanity. "Love's Sunset" was the theme around which Miss Booth had woven an address that was longer and fully as good as was her effort in the afternoon. It occupied an hour and a quarter in delivery.

The story, which really was a series of stories, centered on the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and its consequent bearing on the human race. Above and beyond it all could be seen the magnificent faith and hope of the speaker. For the lecture, for it could hardly be called a sermon, though having a most serene effect, the stage was arranged to represent a garden. Miss Booth wore a yellow gown of oriental cut, on the bosom of which shone the burning emblem of mercy of the Red Cross Society.

The fashion and texture of her dress but emphasized the slight, weak appearing form of the Commissioner. Her face plainly showed that her physical condition was not what it should be. She was pale. The strain of the hard work and hard journey of the few weeks during which she has been so hard at work in the West also accounted a drawn look of suffering in her face. But there was no suffering in her bearing. From the time she began speaking the words flowed in the usual steady stream, and the frail figure fairly shone with energy. From out of the depths of a wealth of personal recollection and experience.

View of Lake Pend d'Oreille, as seen by the Commissioner, on her way to Spokane.

Miss Booth took stories of sin and the consequences thereof and turned them to account in the building of a great discourse. At the end of each recital of incident she would pour out her soul in protest at the wickedness depicted. These moments were among the best of the evening. The sentiments expressed were uniformly high enough to engage the closest attention of everyone who heard, and not so high but that all understood.

Spoke of Her Slum Work.

Her rescue work in the slums and prisons of London and New York has probably given Miss Booth a better insight into the lives of the lowest classes than has any other person alive to-day. Her descriptions of Salvation Army experiences, brimming with the pathos of love for humanity, were accorded the attention of the absorbing interest generally felt among those who sat before her.

She knows humanity in all its hopes, in all its ambitions, and in all its desires, and her depiction of the ways in which humanity goes down to ruin were grim with truth. Drink, gambling, passion, lust, the pleasures of the world and of the devil, were fiercely attacked by the persistently energetic woman of the spirit of love and mercy.

"Ah, this drink," she said at one period. "We want to be like the world is. We want to taste it. We know it is good for us. It is sweet to us. Give it to us. And the young man says 'I drink to your health; I drink to your prosperity; I drink to your happiness.' But, ah! years later that young man says, 'Drink, drink, drink. I drink to the ruin of my home; I drink to the misery of my wife; I drink to the shame of my little ones; I drink to the despair of my family; I drink to my soul's damnation.'"

The splendid oratorical height to which the woman arose during the dramatic delivery of the foregoing affected her audience to a noticeable extent. The passage quoted is a fair sample of the whole of Miss Booth's talk last night. Each sentence spoken by her is delivered with a magnetic swing that enlisted the sympathy of her audience completely. She is a most remarkable orator and a wonderful woman.

The magnificent success of the Sunday's campaign presaged a further success on Monday. "Miss Booth in Rags" has

A Peculiar Charm and Fascination.

The First M. E. Church, the largest

(Continued on page 13.)

Spokane Falls, Wash.



ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—The fight has been a hard one, owing to sickness and desperate storms, but God has helped us in every time of need. Ensign Andrews has been with us for a week-end's meetings. We had a good time. Ensign Ebsary and Lieut. Hebb are believing for victory in the salvation of souls.—M. R.

Showers of Blessing.

BAIRE, Vt.—For a few months the past year, as soldiers, have not taken the interest in God's work we should have done, and as a result we have suffered spiritually. And every other way. We can lay no blame to our officers, for they have labored faithfully, but last Friday night in our holiness meeting the few that were present came out and God accepted the offering. The fire that was burning low was rekindled. Hallelujah! Since last report several have been saved. Lieut. Ludlow has come to labor with us. Staff-Capt. Taylor was with us for a week-end. Two recruits enrolled under the old flag. We had a blessed time, good meetings, and good crowds.—Zacharias.

BEAR RIVER.—With the help of God's Spirit, we have captured from the enemy souls. Our comrades also came for a deeper work of grace. We have had a harvest of souls throughout the Siege. Captain Anderson, from St. John, has enrolled seven of our comrades under the flag. We believe the clouds will be a credit to our Army. Five souls at outpost.—See E. A. M. Cor., for Capt. Hunt and Lieut. Chandler.

A Sunday of Success.

BRANTFORD.—Our troops were led on during the past week-end by Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, and the meetings were grand. Saturday night's open-air was somewhat extraordinary owing to the spirit of liberality which existed among the listeners. Sunday's meetings had not been in progress long before it was felt that something would be accomplished during the day to extend God's Kingdom. And sure enough, the clouds of the night meeting, our hearts were made to leap for joy over seeing two Juniors and one Senior welcoming their way to the Cross.—O. Shoemaker, Special Cor.

BUTTE.—We had the joy on Thursday night of welcoming to our mid for the first time a new P.O.M., Sam Hargrave. The Major received a very cordial welcome. He is a Salvationist inside and out. His discourse was grand. Friday night was crowned with the presence of our beloved Commissioner. The Methodist Episcopal Church kindly loaned us for the occasion, and had it packed to its utmost capacity. The singing and exercises of the Commissioner's two lieutenants, adopted the same. While and Paul, were much appreciated. The Rev. Mr. Abbot, Pastor of the Church, took the chair; and a number of officers were in for council. It was a glorious night, and the crowds were great, good meetings, and good crowds; a saved saloon keeper testified to the saving and keeping power of God. One precious soul held up his hand for prayer.—R. P. Cor.

CALAIS.—God has wonderfully blessed our special Siege efforts. Sinners have been saved, backsliders reclaimed, soldiers' roll increased, our target reached, soldiers and officers encouraged to go on to greater victories. Splendid day yesterday. Rev. Mr. Fuller on the platform. While in the afternoon, Crowds good. War Cry all sold.—F. Knight, Ensign.

Six Feet Six Inches of Salvation.

CARMAN.—One soul for cleansing on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon four comrades took their stand as Blood-and-Fire soldiers—one comrade stands 6 ft. 6 in., and he is going in to lick the devil. One for salvation last week. The Easter War Cry to

hand-to-day. They are beauties, especially the supplement of our dear Commissioner. They will sell like hot cakes.—Capt. and Mrs. Gillam.

CHATHAM.—Blessed, soul-reviving meetings on Sunday. Soldiers fought bravely. A man and wife knelt side by side at Jesus' feet.—T. Coombs, Adjt.

CHESELEY.—Easter morn. at the early hour of sunrise, the soldiers were gathered for prayer, and at 6 a.m. the town was brought to remembrance of why this day was called Easter, by the sound of praise music, and songs. Sunday night the power of the Holy Ghost was felt. The Sergt.-Major had a proper hallelujah dance. Souls were touched, and one desired our prayers.—Capt. Poole.

A Trophy of Visitation.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—While visiting one day last week, a dear woman whose child had been buried that day, knelt to our presence. "Yes, I believe God is calling me." When we prayed she lifted her heart to God. Who gloriously saved her. Her testimony to-day is, "I am sure if God called me to die, I am ready to meet Him."—Gen. Hudson, Capt.

GANANOQUE.—We had a visit last Tuesday evening from our new P. O. Brigadier Pugmire, also Ensign Pugh. Had a lovely meeting, good crowd, and although no one yielded, there was deep conviction. Easter Sunday we had a leader with us, and a number of recruits at the Cross at night. Easter Cry's all sold.—Lieut. Thompson, for Ensign Stutzler.

GLACE BAY.—Last week we were favored with several specials. Ensign Andrews, with his splendid service, "Victory in Charge," was greeted by a full house. Collection at the door over \$10. Treas. Lemon, our loyal G. B. M. Agent, deserves great credit, having collected personally over \$15 for this selection. Then, for two nights, we were delighted to have with us our D. O., Staff-Capt. Rawling. On Tuesday night the Staff-Captain enrolled six recruits under the flag, and on Wednesday night he commissioned 11 Local Officers. The Staff-Captain was ably assisted through the meetings by Capt. Piercey, Green, Doyle, and Brown. Our appeal to our congregation on behalf of the Indian Famille has been very favorably received. Results will be made known later. Rumors of Self-Denial are in the air. We are prepared for the battle.—Yours to win, Sergt.-Major.

Easter in the Ambitious City.

HAMILTON.—Major and Mrs. Turner, and Capt. Matthews and Russell, with us for special Easter meetings. Good Friday Nos. 1 and II. United for holiness. Ensign Pugh, was commissioning of Local Officers at 8 p.m. Finished the day with a half-night of prayer, with three out for the blessing. Saturday night big Free-and-Easy. began Sunday with a sunrise-knee-drill, 35 in attendance, after which we had a march. Good attendance at holiness meeting. Major spoke on ancient masonry. The afternoon and night meetings were well attended. The Major spoke on "A City Sinner." In the afternoon, and at night "The Standard Away." We finished up Monday night with a lecture from the Major, "International Congress, and My Trip to Europe." The meetings were enjoyed by all. One who was there.

HAMILTON.—We have some real friends here. Some of them are un-saved, but they do their part as far as helping us financially is concerned. We are believing for souls.—L. Penny, Ensign.

KEMPTVILLE.—Our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Pugmire, has just paid our corps a visit, which will be long remembered by comrades and friends. Ensign Pugh also assisted with music and song. The meeting, from begin-

ning to end, was a real old-timer. At its close three souls found mercy.—Sergt. J. H. Burley.

A Record Knee-Drill.

LISTOWEL.—Our Juniors' entertainment, held on Tuesday, April 10th, was a success in every way; the children gave their places in good style. Miss Campbell and Capt. Burton gave us some music on the organ and auto-harp, which was appreciated by the audience. On Saturday night we had Auntie Wright, of Lac Seul, with us, also Capt. Burton and Bra. Cowan, of Palmerston. Auntie Wright's sketch of her days in slavery was the most attractive part of the meeting, which was listened to very attentively by a large crowd. Easter started in the right way with thirty out to knee drill. We almost every Sunday was Easter, for our knee-drill's sake. Meetings all day were well attended, and were a success in every way.—Lieut. L. W. Bishop, for Capt. W. White.

MILL BROOK, Ensign Parker, with lantern, paid us a visit. Subject, "Home, sweet home." Fair sized crowd. Lieut. We solved. On Sunday Sergt. Major Moore, of Lindsay, with us. On Monday night Staff-Capt. Burditt, our D. O., from Peterboro, gave us a treat in the way of a special salvation meeting.—Albert R. C.

He'd Rather be a Hayseed.

MT. VERNON.—We are still hammering away. Several soldiers sick and unable to get to meetings. Saturday night marched out three strong, large as life, singing. "We're a Hayseed, but I shall conquer." Sunday, open-air meeting very good; good attention given. One brother said he preferred to be a poor, humble hayseed than have the applause of the world.—Lieut. R. Latchman.

NEWMARKET.—Sunday was a high day. At night one young man volunteered for salvation. A fund for the Junior library has been started. We are trusting that it will soon largely increase. The Juniors' Annual held here was a decided success.—Aux.

NEWPORT.—Had a visit from our D. O., Ensign Sims, which proved a great blessing to us. One came back again, Ensign, and bring Mrs. Sims with you.—Lieut. Newell; Cadet Hicks.

NORWICH.—Since last report we have had some very interesting times. We had a visit from our D. O., Adjt. McEharr, and a farewell soldier. Capt. Hookin has forwarded and gone to take charge of Tibsonburg. We welcome Capt. Mathers, who takes up the reins here.—L. Ringler, Lieut., for Captain Mathers.

OTTAWA.—On Saturday evening Brigadier Pugmire was given a rousing reception, also an address of welcome on behalf of the corps. He was presented by Ensign Pugh, after which the Brigadier launched out for souls by music and song and straight salvation truth. Result, one soul seeking pardon. At 8 a.m. the corps was under arms at the Cross. At the holiness meeting the Brigadier's subject was "Six Reasons Why We Should be Holy." A deep, soul-searching meeting, with five souls at Jesus' feet. In the afternoon the Brigadier's subject was, "Ten Miles by Land and Sea," which received great attention as each incident of his life was related. In the evening a great salvation meeting. "Manuscript and his sin," was the lesson. The Brigadier spoke with effect, and three precious souls came to the Fountain. Increased attendance at every meeting. On Monday morning Brigadier, at the officers' quarters, united in matrimony Bro. Eldon, of Guire and Sister Ethel Peil. The secular Press gave favorable reports of the campaign.—Cor. Sergt. French.

Auntie Wright's Red-Letter Visit.

PALMERSTON.—For the past few weeks excitement has been running

high for the visit of Auntie Wright, of Ingersoll. Forty-six turned out for knee-drill. In the afternoon the barracks was crowded to the door, and one soul came to the Fountain. At night the barracks was full again. In spite of the threatening rain, long before the time for the meeting on Monday night the people were waiting their way to the barracks, and it seemed as though the barracks would be much too small. At the time appointed Auntie Wright, of Ingersoll, in all her beauty, and during her discourse of over an hour a plea could have been heard to fall on the floor. Altogether Auntie's visit was a glorious success, both spiritually and financially—over \$17 for the week-end. Scott Cowan, R. C.

PARISHORO.—Two precious souls have sought and found God. Thursday night we had a big time, with Ensign Jennings down from Springhill. He commissioned eight Local Officers and made eight converts into salvation. Everything is on the rise.—A. G. Ritchie.

Debt Almost Disappeared.

PITCOB.—Crowds have increased considerably. Sinners have been saved, and the debt, which was quite large, has almost disappeared; best of all eight souls have been saved.—Mrs. Ensign Wynn.

SIMCOE.—Since taking charge we have been enabled to clear the balance of the local property debt, which was about \$70. Last night we had an enrolment of six recruits, when two of our comrades took their stand for God and the Army.—J. McEharr, Adjt.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—Since last writing Ensign Sims has been here for Saturday night and Sunday, and conducted interesting and profitable meetings. At the conclusion of our evening six recruits were enrolled. As the weather gets warmer larger numbers attend the open-air meetings and listen attentively to the words of life. We are believing that before another winter some more souls will have a brass band.—W. C. R.

STURGEON FALLS.—Good crowds. Men and women are striving on toward eternity. Saturday night four comrades were enrolled under our new flag. On Sunday morning, twelve at knee-drill, and at holiness meeting one soul out for holiness and one for the Cross. The old year is getting a long very well.—Wm. Spinner.

Nothing Short of a Revival.

TILT COVE.—Judging from the increase of soldiers' prayers, and the crowds who attend our meetings, and the numbers that are getting saved, Tilt Cove is very much alive. The last seventeen nights, with only one exception, there have been from three to seven conversions each night. One Saturday night there were sixty-three on the march. Down north the revival is still on, souls are getting saved every night, and our prayer is that the revival may continue until all the Lord's children have the salvation of God.—L. Smith, R. C.

Eighty-four Crys Sold by Seventy-two Years-Old Soldier.

VALLEY CITY.—Ensign Perry's visit to this place has proved a blessing. His second night with us (Thursday) one young lady left to follow Christ. The next night one man came up her to the salvation of many souls. Sold 84 Crys week ending May 7th. That is tolerable-like for a boy not quite 72. God bless the War Cry. I like it well—always read it the Bible. To do for the next two in reference to my experience selling it, for the help of others—but enough for this time.—A Soldier, for Ensign Taylor, and Capt. Charlton.

WINNIPEG.—Good meetings all day Sunday. At night Mrs. Major Jower, who has been in charge of the Bazaar a half, sold good-ly to a large audience. Adjt. Mrs. Lantry takes charge. On Thursday night a drunkard's denunciation was held, which was a good success. The song and the drunkard's home, called forth an encore. Capt. Patterson filled her part as the drunkard's wife very successfully. Altogether everything passed off splendidly.—E. L. Gamble, Cadet, for Adjt. Kerr.

Charity does not consist in calling error truth, and truth error.

→*From a Lion to a Lamb.*←

By ENSIGN PERRY.

Chapter III.

IN WHICH CASPAR SEEKS TO MARRY.

Two months after this battle two companies of infantry were sent out to stop a war dance, which was a most cruel performance. It is conducted on this wise: Each Indian performer sews a piece of raw hide through the flesh on each side of their body. Then they tie themselves together with the strings and dance around a burning pole. The Indian who can stand it the longest and best is selected chief. The two companies, however, made them quit this barbarous work.

Caspar had a great hatred for the Indians. They were afterwards removed three miles south from Fort Snelling, and when Caspar's time of service was up he passed through their encampment on his way home. They yelled and howled at him, and our soldier boy was never so scared in his life before. He thought his end had come.

He got safely through, however, and proceeded soon after that to Columbia, South Dakota, where he worked six months with a farmer. The man lost his crop and Caspar got no pay. The winter followed two years of life in a place called Aberdeen. He "bitched" it, as they say in the West, in this place, but during that time a new experience became his.

About a mile from here lived a young woman with whom he began to keep company. Her father, however, refused Caspar his daughter and ordered him to leave his house one day. Caspar said he would not until the man, who was in the house, would pay him of \$275, paid his debt. This he refused to do, and got hold of Caspar's arm to put him out. This was too much for Caspar, high tempered as he was, so he retaliated, and the man found himself outside instead. Caspar threw him against a rock, split his head, broke his jaw bone, and he was also minus six or seven teeth. This enraged his wife so that she hit Caspar with the broom in the face. He grabbed the broom and felled the woman to the floor with it. They were both now lying senseless, so Caspar went in and talked to the daughter, who did not care for such a display of physical force. Love may be strong and courageous, but if he loved her she would rather see it run a bit smoother and not so demonstrative, seeing both parents were subject to his wrath by interference. Love may be strong and courageous, but if he loved her she would rather see it run a bit smoother and not so demonstrative, seeing both parents were subject to his wrath by interference. Love may be strong and courageous, but if he loved her she would rather see it run a bit smoother and not so demonstrative, seeing both parents were subject to his wrath by interference.

He now felt that he had nearly killed two people, and his conscience troubled him. He thought in his heart, he could not express how he felt over the affair. Though he never went near the man for several months, yet he heard a day or so after that he had to have the doctor several times.

The following spring he went back again after his money, but when his debtor saw him coming he got a shot gun and gave him two minutes to get out of his yard. He was fired, his car went off, but the next day when passing the man's place again he saw him ploughing half-a-mile from the house, so he thought it safe to step in and see the man's wife and daughter.

The wife was away, and the young woman home with the children. Caspar asked where the mother was, but she would not at first answer. After some time the young woman told the subject of our story that she was sadly abused by her father, but she would not give him up. Caspar told her to leave home. A week after he went to see her, but found she had really left home, but was told she had gone to town. He could not find her there, so gave up looking for her.

He left off trying to get his money, so the poor fellow never got either money or wife.

Chapter IV.

TELLING OF A BRUTAL FIGHT OVER A WOMAN, WHICH RESULTED IN A LASTING FRIENDSHIP.

"Now we have got you at last," said a young fellow, who came from among some trees as Caspar was riding past, little thinking of danger.

It was at the time reading a book his minister had given him at confirmation. How true, danger lurks near when we least expect it. As he thus rode peacefully along, the fellow who had spoken the above words jumped at him with a dagger, while a helmsman jumped and caught the horse. Both used unexpressive language. Caspar asked to be left alone to prevent trouble. One man got Caspar out of the buggy, and landed him, in doing so, on his head. However, he soon was sufficiently able to kick his opponent as well as strike at him with a shot-sack that he had taken from the carriage as he fell.

The fellow, as the subject of our story puts it, made a dive at him with the dagger, and cut him through the arm and hip, also across the chest, as well as nearly cutting off his thumb, as he held out his hand to guard his opponent's blow. Caspar now gave him a blow on the temple that brought him to the ground. Then he jumped on him with both feet.

The other man at the horse now sprang towards Caspar, whom he gave a blow under the eye and told him to keep away. This blow he faced so to the ground, so it left Caspar free to devote his anger passion upon the other man. He stamped his heels in his face, taking the flesh off of outside and breaking the jaw bone. Then kicking him in the ribs, and supposing him dead, he left him.

Caspar was now weak through loss of blood, so he let the horse find the journey.

The quarrel had all been over a young woman whom Caspar had admired, and who had been spoken against.

Now, he came to the young lady's



Our Soldiers.

GUNNER ERNEST BREWER, R.G.A.,

Of the S. A. Military and Naval League, Bermuda.

From my early boyhood days I sought the blessing of salvation, which I now enjoy to the full. I can remember very well my school days, how I used to sit and read, or go rambling round the lanes in that quiet little village of Sandridge, in old England, all alone, with my mind fixed on some verse in the Bible, or singing a hymn. I could not make myself happy with the pleasures of the world, like my companions, and oftentimes I suffer from blows and jeers through my shortcomings in this respect. Yet I always had a warm place in my heart for my greatest enemy. I could never forget a portion of Scripture my dear father taught me in the Sunday School: "Love them that persecute you."

I was thirteen years of age when I left school, and started to earn my own living. Here my troubles began. I was very fond of horses, and hired myself to a farmer for that reason. I soon forgot God and became a blackguard and a gambler, which grieved my dear parents. Instead of going to school or church on Sunday, I used to go gambling, and in a few hours had all I had worked hard for during the week.

I never had a suit of clothes to call my own, and would have gone naked if my dear old mother had not denied herself, and bought clothes for me. She would sit up all night four or five times a week making straw hats to earn money to buy my clothes with. When she would seek to give me some good advice, I would run out into the street and call her everything but mother. This soon got my name about as a scandal, and my dear mother would say, "It is not Ernest, it is the devil."

This led me to run away from home and I enlisted in Her Majesty's service, where I was surrounded by all classes

home right after the fight referred to. The father came out and said, "How did they play you out, didn't they?"

"Yes, pretty badly," replied he, "but I killed one of those fellows, I'm sure."

"You did?" said the father. "Where did you have it out?"

Caspar told him, so the father called the family out, and sent the boys off to get the supposed dead man. They got him and took him home. The injured man's father was so enraged that he came with a shot-gun to shoot Caspar, but he was not allowed to come near the latter, as they said that Caspar had a right to protect his life. A supposed-killed man was taken to the hospital, where he came to consciousness and remained three or four months.

Caspar now went to a Justice of the Peace, and told him he was guilty of the crime. The man told him to drop the matter until he heard from him further. After some time had elapsed he was told he had a right to protect his own life, and no law could prevail against him.

Caspar, however, took quite an interest in his enemy, enquiring every week about him. The first two weeks there were very little hopes of life. The third week hope was held out, but it was said he would be crippled for life. When he eventually came out it happened he saw Caspar across the street, and coming over asked if it was him. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "I deserve all the punishment I got, and ask your forgiveness."

They shook hands and called it all forgiven. Then they went into the school and became friends.

From that time forward were always good friends, though the poor fellow was crippled ever after.

Caspar never went back to see the girl over whom they had the quarrel, and he thinks his disturber never got her either.

(To be continued.)

of men. When I was sent to Bermuda with the regiment, I determined to live a better life. I sought good company, joined a church, and even professed Christ. I am sure I tried to live a good Christian life, but having no true foundation I failed, and went as far back into the world as the devil could have me.

In this condition I saw myself a poor miserable sinner, and it was not long before I came to the penitential form of the Salvation Army. I opened my heart to God, and told Him I was willing to give myself as a living sacrifice to Him if He would only forgive the past, and He did it. Now I know my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and the prayers of my dear parents have been answered. I now realize I am a new creature in Christ Jesus, and am enjoying that peace I sought for. I am what I am by the grace of God.

To and Fro in the Twillingate District WITH ENSIGN COOPER.

SYNOPSIS.—Length of tour 25 days; traveled 131 miles; visited 10 corps and outposts; conducted 40 meetings; saw 12 souls at the Cross; enrolled 21 Senior Soldiers, and 7 Juniors; commissioned 72 Sergeants.

On Feb. 10th, I started for a tour round the District. Left Twillingate at 3:30 p.m., traveling to Morton's Harbor, and on the 20th Lieut. Reader and your humble servant started for Comfort Cove. The command gave us a warm welcome. We spent one night with them. We have some good Salvationists at this place and a nice little barracks is being built, which will be ready to open in the spring.

Next morning at 9 a.m. we left for Campbellton, and after a hard journey

of ten miles, we met Capt. Cafe and Lieut. Gosse, well in their own way having the victory. Here we have a day-school, conducted by the Lieutenant. We spent two nights at this corps, had a good time, with three Juniors and one Senior saved. Four soldiers enrolled, ten Sergeants commissioned. The work is going on well here.

On the 23rd, at 8 a.m., we left for Batfordville, and reached our desired haven at 8:30 p.m. After dinner, Capt. Haven's smiling happy and glad to see us. The Captain has fought some hard battles since taking charge, but shall can report victory, many souls having been saved. We spent Sunday at this place, and put in a good day for Jesus. In the afternoon meeting I had the joy of enrolling five soldiers and commissioning eight Sergeants. We are going to start the new barracks some time in April. The Captain has been in to the lumbering camps and done some good collecting for the hall.

Next morning New Bay. Capt. Sainsbury greeted us with the greatest hospitality. This is a small corps, but there is a big lot of work to be done. The day-school is going on under the leadership of the Captain. We spent Sunday at this place, and put in a good day for Jesus. In the afternoon meeting I had the joy of enrolling five soldiers and commissioning eight Sergeants. We are going to start the new barracks some time in April. The Captain has been in to the lumbering camps and done some good collecting for the hall.

Danced Until They Knocked Down the Stove.

Tuesday we left for New Bay. After a walk of ten miles we got to our old friend's, Mrs. Richards's, where we spent two nights, held two meetings, and saved two souls saved. These people are very anxious for us to start a barracks; one man gave the Captain a frame for it, another gave \$10 towards it. This is a good start, and no more. Capt. Sainsbury will make a move. We had one soldier here, Father Moore. He is very kind and always glad to see a Salvationist.

Now for Exploits. Thirteen miles brought us to this place. Capt. Newell and Lieut. Mant were looking out for us many days. The officers are having good times, and quite a number of souls have been saved. We spent Sunday at the corps, and although it was very bad weather, we had nine crowds and seven were to have been enrolled, but it was so stormy only four came, and two or three came with their old shoes on; we also commissioned ten Sergeants. We had a good time at night. Three souls at the Cross.

Monday found us on our way for Black Island, where Capt. Ford is having blessed times. He is a small man but he can do a lot of work. This corps was opened on the 11th of December, 1920. Since then quite a number of souls have been saved. We had the joy of enrolling six Senior Soldiers and five Juniors, also commissioning eight Sergeants. There are now eight soldiers on the roll. The Captain and his troops are doing good work. The new barracks will be ready to open some time in April. There are four outposts attached to this corps, all of which are looked after by this little man.

Samson's Island came next. We had a meeting, and had a blessed time. These people know how to dance—they danced until the oven came off their heads. We have quite a few soldiers here, and are going to start a barracks this spring.

Morton's Harbor came next. We found Capt. Howell very glad to meet us. Since taking charge of this corps, the Captain and his troops are doing good work. The new barracks will be ready to open some time in April. There are four outposts attached to this corps, all of which are looked after by this little man.

I am glad to say that souls are getting saved all round, the officers are well and determined to have victory in the Siege.—Ensign Cooper.

It is a great mistake to teach that a single act of faith furnishes a person with a paid-up, non-forfeitable policy, assuring the holder of eternal life.—The Omcer.

—//—

And in this weakness? Is it not The strength of God, that loves and bears, Though He be slighted or forgot In slandering times, in slandering, And closest clings in darkest lot.

The Children's Cosy Corner.

OPENING OF THE "EVANGELINE HOME."

A more unpropitious evening, so far as weather was concerned, could scarcely have been. The first long rain-storm of the season was falling, as if to assist in the christening of the Evangeline Children's Home, announced to be opened that night. Looking back on the disappointing elements, a philanthropic view represents two good things that this very ill wind blew us.

First, although it certainly thinned the crowd, it guaranteed that everybody that had waded through the drizzly night had some because they really wanted to be present. Second, although the Home, we imagine, would look an inviting place in the day-time sunshine, yet on this particular night its light, grace, and cleanliness appeared especially pleasant by contrast.

Although the fittings are of an inexpensive character, the taste with which the design has been carried out makes it a most charming environment for the eyes of forty little ones, which we understand is its present capacity. Emerging from the spacious central hall, with its reception room, office, and officers' rooms, you enter a long, wide corridor—out of which the doors of one side represent the day and the other the night side of the Home. The informal grouping of the whole, even down to the arrangement of the little cots, forbids the use of the stiff word "institution," and pleasantly suggests the gentler term of "home." The little hospital ward, cap-

soothe the aching of the world's sad heart, I have always felt an excess of tender sympathy for the tears that fell from the eye of suffering childhood. Happiness and goodness seem as though they should ever be the birthright of all infancy, and that of these frail flowers of earth so many should be cradled in sin, and nursed in the arms of sorrow, has always seemed to me one of the most grievous of all great wrongs.

"The children's claim is a soul-stirring one, and to disregard its importunity, is to neglect one of the most urgent duties devolving upon those who seek to bring the Kingdom of God on earth.

"They are ours—because they are Christ's. When in the midst of His arduous ministry among men, He thought it no waste of expense of time and trouble to create and bless the children. His arms still wait to be the resting-place of these little wayfarers on life's long road, and it is our privilege to lend those who have strayed, because they never knew the way back to their own dear Refuge again.

"Then we must bless them, because of their influence upon the world's blessing. A few years, and these little, ill-clad, ill-fed children will have grown to their heritage of manhood's care and sorrow. It will make all the difference to the society in which they will then be an important factor, whether they have been succoured in the hour of their early distress, and prepared by holy influences and training for their work in this world and their reward in the next.

"The outstretched hand which the Army offers to all need, has ever been extended towards the children. In the darkest haunts of our cities, the passing of the Army's Slim Sister has brought comfort, cheer, and help to hundreds of little lives which live, or rather drop, there amidst the shadows, and in all departments of our work, we have sought to attend their claim and meet their need. Through the agency of our children's work in this city, hundreds of these helpless little ones have been loved and cared for, and now under the more convenient auspices of the present Home, this beautiful and tender mission can but be increasingly blessed.

"I commend the Home, with the pleading baby-faces which already encircle, to your tenderest and most generous sympathy, that together you may rejoice over it, as some garden overlooked by the Heavenly Gardener, in which earth's destitute blossoms are tended by gentle and conserved hands, for happy and holy blooming in time and eternity.

Yours for the comfort of the sad, and the blessing of the sorrowful,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, to whose superintendence the work amongst women and children owes so much, was the first speaker.

Mrs. Read's Address.

"It affords me great pleasure to greet so many old friends, and to welcome so many new ones. Since our last public gathering in connection with the Women's Social Department, a year ago, our watch-word has been 'Progress.' We have been developing our work. We have cared for over 800 girls and endeavored to redeem them, body, soul, and spirit, and bring them back to God, which is a reasonable service. This is a larger number than has been rescued in any previous year of the history of our Women's Social Work.



We Give the Little Ones Some Rope.

Sid. We have entrance to almost all the public institutions. This work has changed the minds of hundreds from hostility towards, and criticism of our work, to sympathy and confidence.

A Prospective Glance.

"Now, with respect to this Home, I am delighted that we are able to make this much-needed extension. A prospective glance at the work at this women's social department, and perhaps a brief outline of its history may not be uninteresting. The great need of this department was the cause of its existence. My first experience in Rescue Work was in charge of a Home in this city for inebriate women. During my year I dealt with 144 victims of strong drink, women of all classes of society, from the poor woman we actually picked up from the street to the cultured member of Scotch nobility who sought shelter with us. We commenced to prepare for our Children's Home. We prayed to God, pleaded our cause with the Commissioner, with the result that a small Home was opened. During the first three months hundreds applied.

Perhaps some question the necessity of this Home in addition to the many institutions for friendless children in our city. Our Home needs a need not covered by either the Boys', Girls', Infants', Orphans', Children's Aid, or Working Boys' Homes. In the Boys' and Girls' Homes they only receive children over 5 years old. In the Infants' Home only the babies are cared for, and the Children's Aid shelter is, I believe, a temporary shelter only. In our Home we receive little ones from 2 years of age. The children we care for are often the children of the deserted wife, some poor little ones whose fathers are victims of inebriety, and some the children of criminals. All these lost little ones we have sought to surround with those pure and holy influences so necessary to their nurture. We have found that no matter how depraved may have been its parentage and first environment, the natural instinct of a child is towards God, and we have made it our mission to dis-

"I Have Lots of Fun Now in the Shelter."

in the Territory. We have recently opened a new Home for unfortunate girls in Vancouver. Citizens of all classes of society have tendered heartiest co-operation, and a nice Home is now ready. The city council has given us a grant towards the initial expenses. This is the first time we have received Municipal recognition in this form for a prospective work. In Halifax we are developing our work, and separating the different classes of girls, namely, the unfortunate ones who have just stepped aside, and the abandoned class, of whom, sad to say, there are a great number in that city. For this purpose we have engaged larger premises. The Halifax Civil Authorities have, for a long time, desired us to take charge of young women under suspended sentences, instead of sending them to the common jail. In Newfoundland we have built in addition to our Home, the Government has increased the annual subsidy to our work, and they also wish us to take charge of young girls in the same way. We have also opened a new Home in Butte, Montana, and have been obliged to increase the accommodation of our Spokane Home.

"Our League of Mercy is increasing its operations daily. We are now established in almost all the cities and towns from Dawson City to St. Johns.



CAPTAIN CROCKER,

In Charge of Evangeline Home.

able of being isolated under necessity, was an object of special interest to the friends who inspected the pretty precincts before the inaugural meeting.

In the absence of Mayor Macdonald, Alderman Eriqhart presided, and expressed all sympathy and good wish for the new Home. At the close of the meeting he said, "It is a blessing to be here to-night, to listen and learn about such a work. The name of the Home is very significant. Let us all become Evangelists from this meeting and tell our friends of all we have seen and heard. I am grateful for being here. I thank all who have taken part, and I thank you for the privilege of being present."

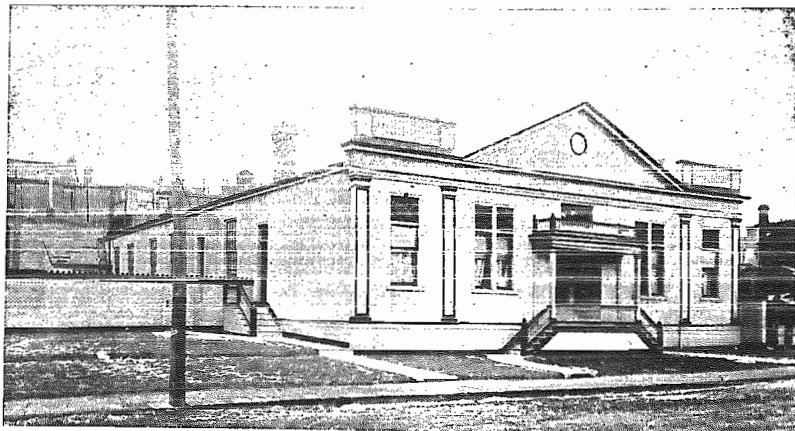
It was regretted that the Commissioner, whose name the Home bears, and whose interest in and love for little children is well-known, was on her Western tour. She sent a message to the meeting, however, which we give in full.

A Message from Miss Booth.

"My Dear Friends:—

"It would have given me much pleasure to have been with you today, at the opening of this beautiful Home for the friendless little ones for whom it has been fitted. But seeing that the many claims which make demand upon my time and attention necessitate my presence at the moment many miles away, I cannot let so special an event go by, without a word to those gathered to witness it, expressive of my very warm interest in the work which has called you together.

"As far back as I can remember, from the days when but little more than a child myself, I started to seek to



THE "EVANGELINE HOME" FOR CHILDREN, TORONTO.

Who recognizes in this graceful edifice the former barn-like barracks of Old Richmond Street Corps?

cover and cultivate this precious predilection towards the highest in those who have come under our care.

The Case of Helen Keeler.

"You have heard of Helen Keeler, the Boston girl who was born deaf, and dumb, and blind; until she was seven years of age her life was an absolute blank; nothing could so late that mind, because the ears and eyes were closed to the outer world. Then, by that great process which has been discovered, by which the blind see, the deaf hear, and the mute speak, the girl's soul became opened, and they began to put in little bits of knowledge, and bit by bit to educate her. But they reserved the religious instruction for Philip Brooks. When she was 12 years old they took her to him, and he talked to her through the medium of the young lady who had been the means of opening her senses, and who could communicate with her by the exceedingly delicate process of touch. He began to tell about God, and what He had done, and how He loves men, and what He is to us. The child listened very intelligently, and finally said, 'Mr. Brooks, I know all of that before, but I did not know His name.' And in our children's work we are seeking to make known to the young minds the high aspirations which they do not understand."

"We have cared for nearly 600 since the work's inception. The average cost a year is about \$50 for each child. I would like to thank our friends for their sympathy and support, and to say we desire a continuation of your practical interest."

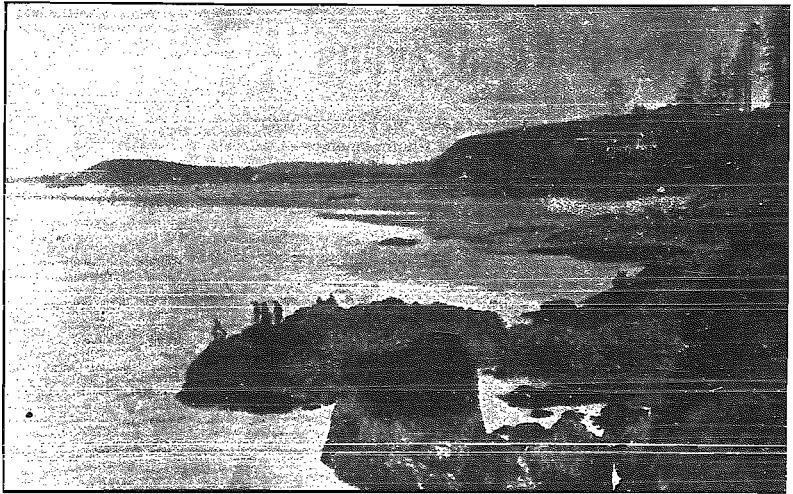
Rev. Mr. Geggie.

Rev. Mr. Geggie, in the course of his somewhat humorous remarks, said: "There are some things which the Army doesn't like, and there are some things in the Presbyterian Church which the Army doesn't like, but when it comes to work such as this we cannot but be well agreed. The Salvation Army work is the rescue is the nearest Christ-work I can think of. Someone has said, 'Christ discovered the individual.' I think the same man discovered the child. The old philosophers had no place for the individual, and certainly none for the little child, but Christ came into this life and He discovered the value of children, and it seems to me that at the opening of this beautiful Home for children, that again the Salvation Army is walking right in the way in which Jesus Christ Himself walked."

Dr. Gilmour's Appreciation.

"When we hear of such work as you in the Army are doing," said Dr. Gilmour, "we who are doing so infinitely less feel that we are here tonight at your feet. I am here to-night for two reasons. First, to express my sympathy with the good work here carried on, and second, to acknowledge a debt of gratitude for the work of the Army has done for the Central Prison. I do not know that we have anything to do with results. We have to leave them with God, but we cannot but see that to train up a child in the way he should go, out both in the way and the action, is a great work. During my three years at the Central Prison, I have dealt personally with the hundreds of boys, and I have yet to meet the case whose downfall cannot be traced either to hereditary weakness, or to early training. I believe that the mercy of God can save the most hardened sinner, but it would be a great deal better if it did not take so much mercy to save him. The work that you are doing for the earliest possible age is going to be the most successful. When I say that I don't believe in reformatories for boys, I am not condemning reformatory officials, but the system. It is my experience to think that a boy can be improved by closing him in for a number of years with 200 or 300 boys as bad as himself. The citizens of Toronto pay \$16 or \$17 per year to educate the children where they pay \$100 to watch the criminal. Would it not be more profitable to devote the money to rescuing the children, than to guard against and punish them later on as criminals? The work that the Army is doing is a soul-inspiring one, and to do such work is worth having lived for."

Staff-Inspector Archibald gave some reminiscences of his first association with the Army, and of his own change of mind in its work. He added his testimony to the importance



COAST SCENE ON THE NORTH PACIFIC.

of getting hold of children for good while yet young.

Mr. Turk's Views.

"I have been thinking," said Rev. Mr. Turk, "of that popular expression, 'What would Jesus do?' and it occurs to me that if He were in this city now He would do very much the same work which the Army is doing, and be very much at home in this Home. I believe if I had my ministerial life to live over again I would spend a great deal more time in trying to influence the dear children to come to the Salvation Army. In trying to convert the hard-hearted sinners, I believe that every child is born in a saveable condition. Surround the bull with the proper conditions and you will have the honey. The salvation of the child is the great solution of the problem of society, and personally, and through any influence I may have, I shall be in hearty co-operation with this work."

Colonel Jacobs expressed his enjoyment of the meeting, which was, he said one of the few occasions when representatives from the different churches met on a common ground, and gave some explanation as to the transformation process which had evolved this beautiful Children's Home out of Toronto's old No. 1 barracks.

The Press were well represented and gave favorable comments, in some instances of considerable length. The Globe, Mail and Empire, Toronto World, and Evening Telegram all reported the meeting well.

Spokane's Greatest.

(Continued from page 9.)

building in the city was secured and was filled, even though nearly 500 people paid 25c admission. The Rev. Dr. Cool, Pastor of the Church, introduced the Commissioner in a neat, brief, but extraordinary speech. We cannot give it verbatim, but he said, in talking to the Commissioner, that she had the "fire and zeal of an Isaiah, and the tenderness and sympathy of St. John," and that she had been called to show us how to do the work of love and mercy in which she was engaged.

Both the Spokane Chronicle and Spokesman Review devoted considerable space to the meetings, as follows:

HER THIRD LECTURE HERE.

Commissioner Eva Booth at First M.E. Church

[Spokesman Review.]

Eva Booth has completed her work for her third annual visit to Spokane. For more than an hour last evening a

crowd that took up all the available space in the First Methodist Church listened to the stories of the noble woman's struggles with poverty, degradation, and sin in the darkest slums of darkest London. The tale of trial and triumph was well told, and her hearers heard it to the elevation of the already high opinion held of the character of the work of the unselfish woman.

Rev. P. A. Cool introduced Miss Booth. She was attired in the rags with which she worked in the alleys and courts of the world's metropolises. But those who had come to see and hear her looked beyond those to the heart of the weaver, and bestowed liberal applause upon Miss Booth when she appeared for their entertainment.

The address delivered at the church last evening was much like those given in the Auditorium Sunday, in general tone. It was most interesting, however—being a series of direct recollections of Miss Booth from her rescue and mercy work. The personal tone given the rehearsal of the scenes of squalor and misery, heightened by the earnestness of the speaker, had the desired effect on the audience. During the relation of anecdotes of London lower life there were many times when the eyes of every listener were dimmed with tears. Miss Booth may always be sure of a cordial reception in Spokane, if the events of her present visit here may be considered as evidence of personal popularity.

HELD HER AUDIENCE ALMOST BREATHELESS.

Miss Eva Booth Made a Powerful Impression on Her Hearers.

[Spokane Chronicle.]

It is seldom that a woman can hold an audience for more than two hours simply by talking. It is more seldom that a woman can hold an audience of 1,500 people almost breathless until the climax of a story is reached. This is what Miss Eva Booth did last night with an audience at the First M. E. Church that filled every available seat in the house.

At her appearance, dressed in rags and playing on an accordion, there was a burst of applause from the audience. She gave a selection on her harp which was well received, and Mrs. Major Fairgrave rendered a vocal solo in fine style, but it was not until Miss Booth started to speak that the people really recognized what a treat was in store.

She told of four factors which had brought success in the work. These subjects were love, sympathy, sacrifice, and action. These four together made the crowning grace which formed the cross. As Miss Booth would relate some thrilling experience the audience would eagerly breathe, and should a person dare to move he met with such frowning looks from a

hundred people at once that he would keep still. Then, after the climax, there would be a little rustle, and soon everything would again be quiet.

It is not Miss Booth's oratorical powers, nor her voice, that gave her this influence over her audience. The secret of her wonderful power is her earnestness in what she says and does. There is no person, however skeptical, who, after listening to her, is not assured that she is in earnest.

The finances for the week-end amounted to over \$400.

Willie and Pearl took a considerable share of the campaign, and the crowd were delighted.

Major Smeaton, Adjt. Welch, and Eustice Griffith formed the rest of the Commissioner's party.

The officers from Montana State attended the Commissioner's meeting in Butte, and returned to their corps to fight harder and do more for God than ever they have done.

Border Line Indulgences.

What is at stake, is often a more important question than what are the odds. A skilled driver shrinks from bringing his horses near the edge of a sheer precipice, even though the chances be ten to one against an accident. That remote possibility of a slip and sudden death is too terrible to take any chances on. So, in character-building, it were well to think more of what we are tempted to risk, than how slight the margin of risk may be. The chances of harm resulting from "border-line" indulgences may, in certain temperaments and under certain conditions, be minimized, but the same stake is always risked, whether by the broken-down weakling struggling to free himself from a lifelong habit of indulgence, or by the clean-souled, sturdy young fellow of iron will and favoring "environment." That stake is personal character, and its possible loss is too awful a thing on which to take even the devil's most generous odds.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVISE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCE, &
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

DEBTORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Dinslow, 34 S. Temple, Albert St. Tacoma, W. A. No fee, but a return address will be charged.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Mag Makes a Record Run—Almost Overtakes the Famous Arab
—Brigadier Pugmire has Designs on the Championship—
Alas, Poor Easterners!—Well Done, North-
West and Pacific.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

West Ontario Province	91
East Ontario Province	90
Central Ontario Province	84

VVV

Surely we are on the verge of revolution! I cannot but feel that now that Brigadier Pugmire has mounted his horse in deadly earnest we must be prepared for momentous happenings. Already he has downed Nigger, and is now hot on the heels of Arab. One more foot would have, possibly, turned the fortunes of the day.

VVV

Major McMillan, as we plainly see, just managed to escape defeat this week. I do not pretend to an absolutely accurate knowledge of all the Major's many qualities, but it seems to me I am perfectly safe in saying that he will not be easily turned down. One week may see wonders. The West Ontario folks are noted for their pluck. Still the unpleasant fact, to them at least, remains, that Mag is hot after them.

VVV

Nigger's defeat is possibly only a temporary one. Few horses have had a more chequered career than this old war steed.

VVV

Of the three Provinces Lieut. Smith is champion, with 219. Capt. Wilson next with 197, and Lieut. Lamb last with 114.

VVV

THE "EAST VS. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 83	North-West. 53
Pacific	45
Newfound'd ..	18
Klondike	2
Totals .. 83	118

VVV

This week sees the defeat of the Eastern forces turned into a positive disaster.

VVV

There are many well-known cures for despondency, and I doubt not any defeated comrade down that way will need doctoring for that ailment. Let me recommend an old reliable: Take a bundle of War Crys, pray over them, then burn them in the old familiar style! This is calculated to cure a fit of blues in one application.

VVV

The North-West looks particularly active, the Pacific is coming on, Newfoundland has lots of color in its cheeks, while the Klondike folks—well, give them a chance, will you?

VVV

Bismarck, N. D., takes tea more War Crys. That is a worthy commemoration of the great man the town is named after.

VVV

What has become of all the Bermuda boomerangs? Possibly that accounts for the low condition of the Eastern Province. Will dear Bro. Miller please keep those boomerangs active?

VVV

Just think how many more boomerangs Newfoundland would have to its credit if all the corps besides St. John L. and H. and Tilt Cove had reported!

VVV

Thanks, comrades, for your words of appreciation on the Eastern War Cry. As one of the Staff, I am delighted to know that it was so well received by all.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	219
Capt. Slizer, Woodstock	205
P. S. M. Bateman, Stratford	150
Serge. Yeomans, Chatham	139
Lieut. Stickels, Berlin	127
Capt. Fyfe, Sarnia	110
Lieut. Kneukle, Brantford	105
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	103



PATRICK MULVANEY'S LAMENT.

Och, sure, an' be the saints, Oi can't stand much more! 'T'at w'd the gals, on' of me prislit wife, an' the rain comin' through the roof, an' the rent due, arrah sure, now, I'm in a bad way. I'll jus' drop into Grogan's cabin an' see av he's got up, anyway!

Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	102
Lieut. Malisey, Goderich	101
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	94
Capt. Huntington, Leamington	109
Ensign Green, Windsor	50
Capt. Green, Windsor	80
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	71
Ensign Collier, Wingham	65
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	65
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	63
Capt. Heater, St. Thomas	62
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	62
Capt. Freeman, Stratford	62
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Stratford	61
Serge. Golding, Stratford	61
Ensign Slat, Dresden	60
Lieut. Curley, Simcoe	60
Sister Foster, Petrolia	60
Serge. Allen, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	60
Lieut. Ringier, Norwich	54
Ensign Wakefield, London	54
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich	54
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	51
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	50
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	50
Serge. McGulvin, Blenheim	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	50
Capt. Coy, Essex	50
Serge. Mrs. Wakefield, Forest	50
Lieut. Bishop, Listowel	46

Capt. McCutcheon, Seaforth	44
Capt. Cox, Hespeler	43
Capt. Gibson, Paris	43
Serge. Schwartz, Galt	41
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	40
Serge. Erb, Berlin	40
Capt. Halsey, Ridgeway	40
Sec. Gifford, Simcoe	40
Mother Cutting, Essex	40
Eva Simpson, Guelph	40
Capt. Simpson, Guelph	38
Capt. Hartzek, Ingersoll	38
Lieut. Crayford, He-peler	35
Fred Palmer, London	35
Sister Featherstone, London	35
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston	31
Bro. Dearling, Hespeler	31
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Blenheim	31
Capt. Wiseman, Blenheim	31
Mrs. Wright, Petrolia	31
Lieut. Yeomans, Galt	30
Mrs. Kerswell, Drayton	30
Lieut. Thompson, Seaforth	28
Capt. Copeman, Thelford	25
Bro. Fleming, London	25
Capt. White, Listowel	25
Maudie Stuges, Wallaceburg	25
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	25
Serge. Mrs. McElroy, St. Thomas	24
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Lieut. Crank, Stratford	21

Serge. Rogers, Montreal I.	95
Capt. French, Peterboro	86
Adj. Kendall, Belleville	75
Capt. Crego, Kempsville	75
Capt. Munford, Trenton	75
Serge. Moors, Montreal I.	61
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	61
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	60
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	59
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	59
Capt. Bartch, Brockville	59
Lieut. Tilly, Brockville	61
Trans. Gillan, Renfrew	59
Ensign Stalger, Gananoque	58
Lieut. Thompson, Gananoque	54
Cadet Hicks, Sarnia	54
Lieut. Newell, Newport	55
Capt. Tytus, Annapolis	55
Lieut. Langford, Annapolis	55
Capt. Woods, Morrisburg	55
Capt. Constock, Cobourg	50
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	50
Serge. Chillingworth, Montreal IV ..	50
P. S. M. Ilce, Montreal I.	50
Serge. Downey, Kingston	48
Serge. Coggan, Kingston	48
Capt. Stainforth, Nanawauke	48
P. S. M. Jones, Barre	48
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	45
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	45
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	45
Capt. Grose, Prescott	45
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	45
Serge. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Serge. Thompson, Belleville	42
Ensign Ward, Kingston	41
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre	40
Lieut. Hook, Cobourg	40
Staff-Capt. Burdett, Peterboro	40
Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	40
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	39
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg	39
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	38
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	37
Sister Yacout, Montreal I.	35
Capt. Vane, Bloomfield	35
Lieut. Cook, Montreal II.	35
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	35
Capt. Hoss, Quebec	35
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke	35
Sister E. Avey, Sherbrooke	32
Capt. Slater, Renfrew	31
Serge. Simons, Kingston	30
Sister A. Avey, Sherbrooke	30
Capt. Carter, Port Hope	30
Serge. Newell, Barre	27
Ensign Jones, Tweed	27
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	27
Sister McKorkel, Ottawa	26
Sister Logie, Montreal I.	25
Lily White, Brockville	25
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	25
Mad Duquet, Trenton	25
Capt. Gammalidge, Sarnby	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Lieut. Weir, Millbrook	25
Mrs. Buck, Belleville	25
J. S. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	25
Serge. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.	20
Serge. Merchant, St. Johnsbury	20
Mrs. Ensign Wynne, Pictou	20
Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	20
Serge. Raymo, Barre	20
Serge. Major Shepherd, Quebec	20
Mrs. Hippen, Montreal I.	20
Bro. J. True, Belleville	20
Sister Wright, Peterboro	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	114
Serge. Thompson, Hamilton I.	107
Cadet Phillips, Lippincott	80
Lieut. McGregor, Newmarket	75
Capt. Capper, Richmond St.	75
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	75
Serge. Pearce, Temple	73
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	65
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	65
Capt. Stolliker, Hamilton	65
Adj. George, Burlington	65
Ensign Aurora	65
Sister Lightheart, Hamilton I.	60
Serge. Bawther, Niagara St.	60
Lieut. Christopher, North Bay	60
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	60
Capt. Nelson, Brampton	60
Serge. Sherwin, Orillia	60
Lieut. Greavett, Orillia	60
Trans. Everley, Oshawa	60
Serge. Stevens, St. Catharines	45
Thos. Boyer, Bencebridge	45
Capt. Ayles, Brampton	45
Cadet Porter, Lippincott	45
Capt. White, Riverside	43
Serge. Kane, St. Catharines	41
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	41
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	40
Capt. Towers, Huntsville	40
Lieut. Sicken, Huntsville	40
Capt. Connors, Dundas	40
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	40
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	40
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	37
Capt. McEwen, Port Hope	37
Cand. Bushey, Lippincott	35
Capt. Palling, Little Current	35
Lieut. Patten, Little Current	35

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Ottawa	197
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Ottawa	190
Adj. Orlive, Cornwall	125
Capt. McNaney, Canastota	125
Serge. Dudley, Orillia	121
Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	111
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Capt. Brown, Burlington	100
Convert-Serge. Perkins, Barre	98

Lieut. Edwards, Faversham	35
Capt. Kemie, Sudbury	35
Capt. Poole, Chesley	35
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	34
Bro. Dixon, Temple	33
Cadet Brown, Temple	31
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	30
Capt. Fisher, Sudbury	29
Sister Rustin, Lisgar St.	29
Capt. Crenner, Hamilton II.	30
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II.	30
Capt. Kivell, Parry Sound	34
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	30
Capt. Lidston, Uxbridge	26
Capt. Wilson, Parry Sound	26
Capt. Brooks, Kilmount	25
Lieut. Marshall, Omeo	25
Sister Bentley, Hamilton I.	25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	25
Lieut. Pattenden, Oshawa	25
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	25
Sergt. Carroll, Temple	25
Sergt. Goflon, Temple	25
Ethel Smith, Dovercourt	24
Cand. Stacey, Temple	23
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	23
Capt. Meeks, Dovercourt	22
Mrs. Courtenaiche, Kilmount	22
Capt. Dales, Lippincott	22
S. M. Bone, Barrie	21
Adj. Wiggins, Barrie	20
Minnie Monzie, Fenelon Falls	20
Sergt. A. Bowers, Kilmount	20
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	20
Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt	20
J. Matchett, Lisgar St.	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	20
Sister Bowman, Temple	20
Sister Gilbert, Temple	20
S. M. Bradley, Temple	20
Capt. Young, Brooklyn	20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Mother Curry, Hamilton II.	20
Tillie Goe, Hamilton II.	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Sergt. Ming, St. John I.	152
Capt. Piercey, Sydney	148
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	125
Sergt. Vebot, Halifax II.	125
Sergt. Pike, Hamilton	125
Mrs. Salters, Hamilton	123
Adj. McNamara, Charlottetown	110
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	109
N. Flood, Hamilton	100
Capt. Allan, Carleton	90
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	75
Mrs. Capt. Lormer, Halifax I.	70
Capt. Denkin, Sackville	70
Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown	68
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Frederic-	

Sister McDonald, St. John V.	22
Lieut. Tatem, Grand Manan	22
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	22
Mrs. Kidd, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Donovan, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Maud Beatty, Fredericton	20
Capt. G. Hudson, Clark's Harbor	20
Mrs. Chambers, Colias	20
Mrs. Chapman, Springhill	20
Mrs. Milton, Springhill	20
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	20
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	20
Corps-Cadet McKenzie, New Glas-	

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

53 Hustlers.

Cadet Gamble, Winnipeg	200
Sergt. Mrs. Rusdubrook, Portage la	
Prairie	163
Cadet Moller, Winnipeg	163
Sister Cook, Fargo	88
Capt. Hammond, Jamestown	80
Lieut. McLeod, Medicine Hat	70
Capt. Ferguson, Brandon	68

Lieut. McKee, Fort William	27
Capt. Smith, Bismarck	27
Capt. Hall, Virden	25
Capt. Anderson, Bismarck	25
Lieut. Bland, Grafton	24
Cadet Scott, Rat Portage	24
Lieut. Emberton, Moosomin	23
Lieut. Ferguson, Lishon	23
Cadet Hardy, Rat Portage	23
Mother Wallace, Neepawa	22
Cadet Cross, Rat Portage	22
Capt. Keumir, Moosomin	21
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Emma Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Habbirk, Emerson	20
Sergt. Harkness, Carberry	20
Lieut. Krulger, Hannah	20
Capt. Meyers, Valley City	20
Cadet Oxenrider, Rat Portage	20
Sergt. Mrs. Johnson, Selkirk	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

Capt. Haas, Nelson	200
Sergt. Glenn, Butte	175
Cadet Johnson, Spokane	105

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Band of Love Pledge Book	25 "
do Register	25 "
do Pledge Cards	5 "
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Bro. Butler, Rossland	25
Sister Vehn, Butte	23
Capt. Jackson, Livingston	22
Bro. Portzman, Kalispell	22
Sergt-Major Cameron, Rossland	21
Capt. Langill, Nanaimo	21
Cand. Buck, Mt. Vernon	20
Bro. Nordstrum, Nelson	20
Bro. Russell, Nelson	20
Bro. Eldridge, Nelson	20
Bro. Gleason, Nelson	20
Capt. Meredith, Dillon	20
Sergt. Boothroyd, Westminster	21
Lieut. Saint, Lewiston	20
Bro. Brett, Rossland	20
Bro. Wixon, Rossland	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

18 Hustlers.

Clark Curry, Tilt Cove	65
Sergt. Lidston, St. Johns II.	60
Sergt. Andrews, St. Johns II.	50
Cadet Churchill, St. Johns I.	47
Cadet Cummings, St. Johns I.	45
Cadet Tiller, St. Johns I.	41
Cadet Howse, St. Johns I.	36
Sergt-Major Elsbary, St. Johns I.	36
George Fudge, Tilt Cove	36
Cadet Oldford, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet Shiao, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Parsons, St. Johns II.	30
Sergt. R. Hiscock, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet Summers, St. Johns II.	25
Lieut. Foote, Tilt Cove	23
Sergt. Mrs. Fiddel, St. Johns I.	22
Sergt. Carter, St. Johns II.	21

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. McGill, Skagway	110
Adj. McGill, Skagway	75

TWILLINGATE.—The past week has been a blessed one. Sunday morning one for the blessing. Four for salvation at night, but only one got through. Tuesday four for a clean heart. Wednesday night four sought and found mercy. Thursday seven for holiness.—Ensign Cooper.

EXBRIDGE.—We have just had a visit from the T. P. S. Ensign Hurrows, with his magic lantern, the subject being, "The Recording Angel." The Ensign conducted the meetings on Sunday, which were well attended. Three came out in the holiness meeting and three in the afternoon and night. We set a target of \$5 for the day's finances, and praise be to God, we got it, and fourteen cents over.—Naique Notsil.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Come, Holy Ghost.

Tune.—Ye banks and braes (B.J. 56).

1 Come, Holy Ghost, descend and rest,
Within my heart come deign to dwell,
Fill all my yearning, longing breast—
Come, every evil foe expel;
My heart, Thy throne, oh, now prepare,
Come, fix Thy holy temple there.

Ler Thy abiding presence seal
My heart, my talents, yea, my all,
That hence the world may know and feel,
I live obedient to Thy call.
Fresh power I need, oh, this impart,
With holy Fire now fill my heart.

Come in, that I may hence be used
To represent Thee here below,
That all my life may be diffused
With love that will in actions show
That I am following after Thee,
Thou loving Christ of Calvary.

B. W.

Reveal Thyself.

Tune.—Begone, vain world (B.J. 191).

2 Eternal God, in Jesu's name we meet
Around the Cross, the precious Mercy Seat;
We only long to be made strong
To do Thy blessed will,
Oh, cleanse our hearts, our longing spirits fill.

Within our hearts reveal each hidden need,
For grace, O Lord, to please Thee, now we plead;
Through Jesu's Blood now make us good.

From self and sin set free,
Oh, make us Thine in true reality!

With motives pure, with hearts in unity,
Our lives shall witness, blessed Lord, for Thee;

With power on due to keep us true,
While humbly now we wait,
With hearts a love for souls create.

Bound for Glory.

Tune.—Out on the ocean (B.J. 227).

3 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we swiftly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Chorus.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore,
Millions more are on their journey;
Yet there's room for millions more.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.

When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Tunes.—Marching to Zion (B.J. 68);
Nay, but I yield (B.J. 30).

4 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in the song with sweet accord,
While we surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the Throned King
May speak their joys abroad.

Soon we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;

Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immortal's
ground,
To Father worlds on high.

Heaven or Hell

Tunes.—Lover of the Lord (B.J. 74);
St. Peter's (B.J. 128); The Judgment Day (B.J. 45).

5 My thoughts on awful subjects roll—
Damnation and the dead,
What horrors haunt the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
etc.

Laughing about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself for ever lost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Just as I am.

Tunes.—Eman (B.J. 221); Just as I am (B.J. 128); Oh, happy day (B.J. 6); (This song becomes L. M. by repeating the last two words of each verse).

6 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To clear my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse
each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love I own,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now I'll be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!



LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS

will visit

Port Hope, Thursday, May 10.
Belleville, Friday, May 11.
Kingston, Sat. and Sun., May 12, 13.
Ottawa, Mon. and Tues., May 14, 15.
Montreal, Wednesday, May 16, to Sunday, May 20.
Newport, Vt., Monday, May 21.
St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25.
Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27.
Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will visit

Bowmanville, Sat., Sun. and Mon.
May 12, 13, 14.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit

Lisgar St., Sunday, May 6.
Owen Sound, Thursday, May 20.
Little Current, Saturday, May 22, to Tuesday, May 15.
Sudbury, Wednesday, May 16, to Friday, May 18.
Strurgeon Falls, Sat., Sun. and Mon.
May 19, 20, 21.

MAJOR PICKERING

Will Visit the Following Corps:

St. John L., Sun. and Mon., May 6, 7.
New Glasgow, Thurs., Fri., Sat. and Sun., May 10, 11, 12, 13.
Kentville, Monday, May 14.